Volume 1.
Number 19.

Year Ending
December 31, 1940

Critics' THEATRE REVIEWS

INDEX

Stage Play	Pages
All in Fun	167, 168, 169
Another Sun	382, 383, 384
At the Stroke of Eight	305, 306
Beverly Hills	226, 227, 228
Billy Draws a Horse	436, 437, 438
Blind Alley	252, 253, 254
Boyd's Daughter	256, 257, 258
*Boys and Girls Together	266, 267, 268
Burning Deck (The)	376, 377, 378
*Cabin in the Sky	242, 243, 244
Case of Youth (A)	357, 358
*Charley's Aunt	249, 250, 251
Christmas Eve	427, 428, 429
*Corn Is Green (The)	209, 210, 211
Cue for Passion	185, 186, 187
Delicate Story	199, 200, 201
Du Barry Was a Lady	439, 440, 441
Earl Carroll's Vanities	418, 419, 420
Every Man for Himself	192, 193, 194
Farm of Three Echoes	448, 449, 450
Fifth Column (The)	370, 371, 372
Fledgling	206, 207, 208
*Flight to the West	162, 163, 164
*Flying Gerardos (The)	165, 166, 167
Geneva	403, 404, 405
*George Washington Slept Here	246, 247, 248
Glamour Preferred	220, 221, 222
Gondoliers (The)	269, 270, 271
Goodbye in the Night	364, 365, 366
Grey Farm	317, 318
Hamlet	442, 443, 444
Heavenly Express	325, 326, 327
*Hellzapoppin	493, 494, 495
Higher and Higher	337, 338, 339
*Hold On to Your Hats	278, 279, 280
Horse Fever	212, 213
International Incident (An)	340, 341, 342
*It Happens on Ice	259, 260, 261
John Henry	421, 422, 423
*Johnny Belinda	274, 275, 276
Journey to Jerusalem	262, 263, 264
Juno and the Paycock	415, 416, 417
Jupiter Laughs	281, 282, 283
Keep off the Grass	302, 303, 304
Key Largo	451, 452, 453
Kind Lady	286, 287, 288
Kindred	430, 431, 432
King Richard II	343, 344, 345
Ladies and Gentlemen	469, 470, 471
Ladies in Retirement	351, 352, 353
Lady in Waiting	348, 349, 350
Leave Her to Heaven	379, 380, 381
*Life With Father	457, 458, 459
Liliom	354, 355, 356
Little Foxes (The)	490, 491, 492
*Louisiana Purchase	296, 297, 298

Stage Play	Pages
Love for Love	293, 294, 295
Love's Old Sweet Song	319, 320, 321
Male Animal (The)	424, 425, 426
*Man Who Came to Dinner (The)	472, 473, 474
Man Who Killed Lincoln (The)	412, 413, 414
Margin for Error	460, 461, 462
Medicine Show	331, 332, 333
*Meet the People	170, 171
Morning Star	328, 329, 330
Morning's at Seven	445, 446, 447
Mum's the Word	196, 197, 198
My Dear Children	400, 401, 402
*My Sister Eileen	175, 176, 177
Night Music	385, 386, 387
*Old Aquaintance	178, 179, 180
Old Foolishness (The)	182, 183, 184
Out From Under	315, 316
*Pal Joey	172, 173, 174
*Panama Hattie	233, 234, 235
Passenger to Bali (A)	367, 368, 369
Philadelphia Story (The)	487, 488, 489
Pins and Needles	496, 497
Quiet Please	224, 225, 226
*Retreat to Pleasure	188, 189, 190
Return Engagement	230, 231, 232
Return of the Vagabond (The)	307, 308, 309
Reunion in New York	388, 389, 390
Romantic Mr. Dickens	202, 203, 204
Romeo and Juliet	310, 311, 312
Russian Bank	299, 300, 301
See My Lawyer	478, 479, 480
*Separate Rooms	359, 360
Scene of the Crime (The)	346, 347
Sim Sala Bim	283, 284
Skylark	475, 476, 477
Strangler Fig (The)	313, 314
Streets of Paris (The)	484, 485, 486
Suspect	334, 335, 336
Suzanna and the Elders	236, 237, 238
Taming of the Shrew (The)	397, 398, 399
Theatre of the Piccoli	361, 362, 363
There Shall Be No Night	322, 323, 324
Time of Your Life (The)	463, 464, 465
'Tis of Thee	240, 241
*Tobacco Road	498, 499, 500
Too Many Girls	466, 467, 468
*Twelfth Night	216, 217, 218
Two for the Show	394, 395, 396
Two on an Island	409, 410, 411
Unconquered (The)	391, 392, 393
Walk With Music	290, 291, 292
Weak Link (The)	373, 374, 375
When We Are Married	433, 434, 435
World We Make (The)	454, 455, 456
Yokel Boy	481, 482, 483
Young Couple Wanted	406, 407, 408

* *Asterisks indicate shows scheduled to play January 1, 1941.*

Authors (Index) 159
Cast (Index) 154
Composers, Lyric Writers, Librettists (Index) 161
Dance Directors (Index) 161
Managers or Producers (Index) 160
Scenic Designers (Index) 160
Stage Directors (Index) 160

Critics' Theatre Reviews brings you each week the complete reviews as they originally appeared in these New York papers

New York Sun **New York Times** **New York Herald Tribune**
New York Post **New York Daily News** **New York World-Telegram**

Published by

CRITICS' THEATRE REVIEWS, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Yearly Subscription
$15.00

Cast Index

Listed alphabetically are the names of actors and actresses appearing in New York shows during the year 1940. The number opposite the name indicates the page on which each is found in CRITICS' THEATRE REVIEWS. We regret that we can not include the various cast changes but can only give the original casts as published in the New York newspapers.

A

Abbott and Costello ... 485
Abbott, Eve ... 451
Acton, Wallace ... 217
Adair, Jean ... 365, 445
Adair, John ... 299, 407
Adams, Barbara ... 473
Adams, Wylie ... 287
Addy, Wesley ... 217, 311
Adels, Marie ... 189
Adler, Jay ... 253
Adler, Larry ... 303
Adler, Luther ... 409
Aften, Effie ... 175
Albertson, Jack ... 171
Alcopra, Pete ... 367
Alexander, John ... 315, 445
Aliwanag, Benito ... 367
Allen, Albert ... 349
Allen, Arthur ... 213
Allen, Katherine ... 385
Allen, Vera ... 277, 487
Allgood, Sara ... 305, 415
Aloha Maids ... 493
Alper, Murray ... 193
Althoff, Charles ... 481
Amar, Jane ... 355
Ames, April ... 297
Ames, Florenz ... 307
Ames, Leon ... 425
Ames, Michael ... 175, 225
Anders, Glenn ... 475
Andre, George ... 299
Andrews, A. G. ... 293, 379
Andrews, Ann ... 423
Andrews, Edward ... 463
Ankers, Evelyn ... 351
Ansaldo ... 361
Ansley, Charles ... 323
Antrim, Harry ... 469
Apollon, Dave ... 267
Appleby, Stephen Ker ... 349
Arafelova, Elena ... 299
Aramini, Auguste ... 357
Archibald, William ... 395
Arden, Eve ... 395
Arkin, Ted ... 171
Armin, Walter ... 429
Arnaz, Desi ... 467
Arnold, Ainsworth ... 463
Arnold, Jack ... 213
Artlet, Michael ... 253, 319
Ashburn, Carroll ... 455, 479
Ashour (Lucienne and) ... 267
Attles, Joe ... 421
Atwater, Edith ... 189, 473
Avery, Phyllis ... 249
Avila, Tony ... 367
Ayers, Jackie ... 319

B

Babcock, Thomas ... 221
Badia, Leo ... 257
Bagdasarian, Ross ... 463
Bailey, Cathie ... 463
Baine, Raymond ... 233
Baker, Benny ... 439
Baker, Fay ... 263, 397
Baker, Lee ... 491
Ballantyne, Paul ... 237, 365, 391
Bancroft, Jane ... 275
Bankhead, Tallulah ... 491
Barbee, Richard ... 247, 451
Barclay, John ... 343, 443
Bard, Katherine ... 457
Barrat, Matine ... 167
Barrett, Leslie ... 213
Barrett, Sondra ... 178
Barrows, William ... 311
Barrymore, Diana ... 203
Barrymore, Ethel ... 209, 341, 449
Barrymore, John ... 401
Bartell, Richard ... 189
Barto and Mann ... 493
Bate, Lorraine ... 487
Bate, Tom ... 203
Bates, Kenneth ... 255
Baxter, George ... 247
Baxter, Lloyd ... 259
Baxter, Lora ... 207
Bayfield, St. Clair ... 183
Beal, Royal ... 237, 313
Beane, Reginald ... 483
Beatrice (Cappello and) ... 241
Beckhard, Richard ... 425
Beech, Barbara ... 189
Beecroft, Victor ... 367
BeGar, Harry ... 297

Bell, Hayley ... 437
Bell, James ... 365
Bell, Ralph ... 479
Bellinger, Roberta ... 409
Belmore, Bertha ... 275
Belmore, Daisy ... 293
Belostozky, Boris ... 299
Ben-Ami, Arnon ... 283
Bendix, William ... 463
Bendtsen, Franz ... 343
Bennett, Edna ... 437
Bennett, Libby ... 467
Bennett, Selden ... 373
Benson, Ralph ... 163
Bennett, Sheldon ... 213
Bentley, Herschel ... 409
Bentley, Miriam ... 269
Bentulan, Rosal ... 367
Benwell, Jack ... 293
Berg, Gene ... 259
Bergh and Moore ... 493
Bergh, Albert ... 185
Bergman, Ingrid ... 355
Bergman, Lee ... 355
Berle, Milton ... 479
Bermudez, John ... 367
Bernard, Dorothy ... 457
Best, Edna ... 199
Bettger, Lyle ... 165
Bingham, Leslie ... 275
Birell, Tala ... 401
Bishop, Richard S. ... 341, 451
Bissell, Whitner ... 185, 409
Blaine, Martin ... 329, 413
Blair, Anthony ... 427
Blanton, Joseph ... 263
Bleasdale, George ... 209
Blees, William ... 391
Blunkall, E. J. ... 307
Bockner, Sey ... 357
Bohnen, Roman ... 385
Bolan, Alexis ... 299
Bolesiavsky, Natasha ... 299
Bolger, Ray ... 303
Bolster, Anita ... 349
Bonner, Isabel ... 321
Booth, Shirley ... 175, 487
Borda ... 361
Bordoni, Irene ... 297
Boreo, Emile ... 371
Borrow, Ernest ... 403
Boruff, John ... 425
Bosworth, Hallam ... 347
Bould, Beckett ... 403
Bouddin, Eloise ... 455
Bourneuf, Philip ... 321, 397
Bouvier, Yvonne ... 485
Bowden, Charles ... 397
Boylan, Mary ... 237
Boyle, Jack ... 171
Boyne, Eva Leonard ... 463
Braban, Harvey ... 403
Bracken, Eddie ... 467
Bradford, Marshall ... 303, 307, 383, 391
Bradlee, Frederick ... 207
Bradley, Wilson ... 243
Braga ... 361
Braggiotti, Stiano ... 287, 401
Braham, Horace ... 263
Brand, Georgiana ... 291
Bratsburg, Harry ... 325, 385
Bree, Chet ... 355
Brehm, June ... 217
Brent, Gerry ... 193
Brent, Romney ... 293
Breon, Edmond ... 209
Bridges, Lloyd ... 237
Briggs, Harlan ... 165
Briggs, Matt ... 425
Brilhante, Patricia ... 171
Brill, Klaus ... 389
Britton, Mozelle ... 359
Brixey, Alan ... 175
Brooke, Ralph ... 311
Brooke, Walter ... 311
Brooks, Phyllis ... 223
Brown, Anne ... 497
Brown, Hazel ... 311
Brown, Jack ... 403
Brown, Phil ... 325, 385
Brown, Russ ... 279
Brown, Thomas ... 199
Brownell, Lallve ... 357
Bruce, Betty ... 303
Bruce, Carol ... 297
Bruce, Hilda ... 371
Bruskin, Perry ... 331
Bryan, Gertrude ... 475
Bryan, Virginia ... 171
Buka, Donald ... 217, 397

Bulgakov, Leo ... 383, 437
Buloff, Joseph ... 329
Burani, Michelette ... 349, 463
Burchfield, Virginia ... 311
Burgess, Grover ... 463
Burke, Georgia ... 243
Burke, Virginia ... 241
Burke, Walter ... 183
Burns, David ... 473
Burr, Donald ... 217
Burry, Solen ... 455
Burt, Nellie ... 457
Burton, Robert ... 475
Busch, Robert ... 311
Bush, Gilmore ... 397
Butler, Edward ... 185
Byrd, Sam ... 413, 499

C

Cabanila, Don ... 367
Calder, King ... 347
Caley Sisters (The) ... 259
Call, John ... 165
Callahan, Margaret ... 347
Calvert, George ... 377
Cameron, Donald ... 343, 443
Cameron, Hugh ... 429
Campbell, Dick ... 243
Campbell, Flora ... 221
Campbell, Lackland ... 203
Campbell, Virginia ... 321
Canova, Ann ... 481
Canova, Judy ... 481
Canova, Zeke ... 481
Canty, Marietta ... 213
Capello and Beatrice ... 241
Carew, Beryl ... 171
Carey, Harry ... 325
Carlisle, Kitty ... 291
Carmody, John ... 365
Carney, Frederic ... 443
Carnovsky, Morris ... 175, 237, 385
Carroll, Georgia ... 297
Carroll, Helen ... 451
Carroll, Joan ... 233
Carroll, Leo G. ... 293
Carter, Alyce ... 421
Carter, Rosalind ... 209
Carver, Rosemary ... 237
Cassel, Sid ... 279, 371
Castle, William ... 291
Casto, Jean ... 371
Catania, Fred ... 371
Cato, Minto ... 421
Cerf, Bettina ... 237, 379
Challee, William ... 451
Chalmers, Thomas ... 293, 415
Chalsel, Leo ... 401
Chambers, Norma ... 207
Chambers, William ... 275, 437
Chapman, Carl ... 225
Chardieno, Rajah ... 243
Charioteers (The) ... 493
Chase, Ilka ... 237, 303
Chatterton, Ruth ... 379
Cheffey, Mary ... 463
Cherry, John ... 207
Cherry, Margaret ... 275
Chester, Charva ... 323
Chevers, Osbert ... 217
Chew, Frank ... 237
Chinley, Jeannette ... 263
Chippendale, Lenore ... 349
Chisholm, Robert ... 337
Chong, Peter Goo ... 227
Christians, Mady ... 231, 443
Christie, Audrey ... 231
Church, George ... 279
Claire, Helen ... 227
Clark, Bobby ... 293, 485
Clark, Kendall ... 247, 371
Clark, Richard ... 237, 331, 407
Clark, Wallis ... 305, 335
Clarke, Jacqueline ... 199
Clarke, John ... 173
Clarke, Kenneth ... 209
Clarke, Ray ... 481
Clarke, Warren ... 231
Clarke, Wister ... 413
Clemens, Nina ... 225
Clement, Clay ... 185
Clements, Dudley ... 473
Clerc, Norma ... 199
Cliff, Oliver ... 311
Clifford, Margaret ... 207
Clift, Montgomery ... 323
Clive, Madeleine ... 313

Cast Index

PAGE

Cobb, Lee J. 371
Coca, Imogene 167
Cody, Katherine 263
Coffin, Haskell 221
Cohan, George M. 307
Colbourne, Maurice 323, 403
Colby, Marion 171
Coley, Thomas 185, 231
Coll, Owen 487
Collinge, Patricia 491
Collins, Russell 325, 445
Compton, Francis 379, 397
Comstock, Frances 395
Conchita 233
Condon, Eva 337
Conibear, Betty 209
Conlan, Frank 469
Conroy, Frank 491
Conte, Nicholas 325
Conway, Bert 185, 385
Conway, Curt 325, 463
Cook, Donald 475
Cook, Joe 259
Cooke, Harry M. 385
Coolidge, Philip 237, 461
Cooper, Anthony Kemble 225
Cooper, Ashley 499
Cooper, Clancy 213, 385, 413
Cooper, Horace 391
Cooper, Jerry 267
Coppin, Grace 331, 397
Cordell, Cathleen 203
Corlett, Irene 221
Corner, James 315
Cosgriff, Kittie 347
Cossart, Valerie 305, 357
Costello (Abbott and) 485
Costello, Diosa 467
Costello, Don 372
Cotten, Joseph 487
Cotton, George 175, 391
Coulouris, George 185
Courtnay, Alex 217, 397
Cowdery, Richard 249, 451
Cowl, Jane 179
Coy, Walter 207, 385
Craig, Edward 275
Craig, Helen 275, 391
Crane, Bettymae 493
Crane, Beverly 493
Craven, John 199, 409
Craven, Robert 221
Craven, Sally 267
Crawley, Sayre 209
Crean, Patrick 403
Cromer, Harold 439
Cromwell, John 317
Cronyn, Hume 189, 373
Cullinan, Ralph 275
Cunningham, Zamah 213, 331, 407
Curran, Sharon 397
Curtis, Billy 193
Curtis, Margaret 313
Curtis-Brown, Carol 349, 437
Cusanelli, Peter 213
Cutler, Bunty 225

D

Dalton, Charles 343
Dabney, Augusta 231
Dana, Marie Louise 307
Daniels, Ted 233
Dante (Harry A. Jansen) 283
Darling, Dorothy 409
daSilva, Howard 409
David, William 475
Davidson, Gretchen 307
Davis, Harry 371
Davis, Maude 303
Davis, Robert 171
Dawson, Anne 269
Dean and Reed 493
Dean, Jo Ann 259
Dean, Viola 315
deBecker, Haldor 199
deBecker, Harold 249
De Bruce, Robert 335
Decker, James 349
de Cordova, Fred 227
Deel, Kale 367
Deering, Olive 331
De Fore, Don 425
DeForest, Marie 171
de Lany, Robert 413
Delmar, Frank 275
Delmar, John 275
Del Mar, Josephine 171
Delmar, Vicky 275
De Marcos (The) 267
Demont, Billy 413
Dennis, Nick 319, 455
Denniston, Reynolds 249, 305, 379
Denton, Crahan 451
Dere, Ann 449
DeRoss, Frank 233
Derwent, Clarence 287
Derwent, Elfrida 287

PAGE

De Sales, Francis 355
De Santis, Joseph V. 253
De Sheim, Charles 263, 483
De Tuscans (The) 303
Devereaux, John Drew 457
Digges, Dudley 247, 293
Dill, Marcel 209
Dillon, Sean 183
Dillon, Thomas 415
Dillon, Tom P. 175
Dinehart, Alan 359
Dingle, Charles 491
Dione, John 427
Dix, Tommy 209
Dixon, Jean 247
Dixon, Joseph M. 331
Dixon, Lee 237
Doba, Aurelio 367
Donahue, Jack 233
Donati 361
Donehue, Vincent 183, 427
Donen, Stanley 173
Donnelly, Guerita 183
Dorne, Mary 413
Dorsay, Edmund 373
Dougherty, Grace 287
Douglas, Ralph 225
Douglass, Margaret 315
Dova, Ben 485
Dowling, Eddie 463
Downes, Edward 409
Downing, Al 233
Downing, Frank 311, 377
Downing, Robert 323, 397
Doyle, Len 463
Doyle, Michael 171
Drake, Alfred 395
Drake, Marty 279
Dresser, Annie 389
Drexler, Eleanor 319
Driscoll, Ann 475
Drury, Ann 203
Duckat, Lipman 233
Dudley, Doris 401
Duffy, Herbert 257
Dunbar, Dixie 481
Duncan, Laura 241
Duncan, Todd 243
Duncan, Willis 467
Dunham, Catherine 243
Dunn, James 233
Dunn, J. C. 305
Dunn, J. Malcolm 379
Dunning, Virginia 391
Dunnock, Mildred 209
Dunstan, Cliff 173, 391
Durant, Jack 173
Durante, Jimmy 303
Duryea, Dan 491
Dyrenforth, Harald 163

E

Eames, Ernest 269
Eben, Al 497
Ebsen, Buddy 481
Eckles, Lew 279
Eckles, Robert 269
Economides, John 319
Edney, Florence 351, 437
Edwards, Earl 243
Edwards, Erwin 455
Edwards, Henry 443
Edwards, H. Robert 311
Edwards, Marian 247
Eggert, Marta 337
Eliot, John 297
Ellington, Richard 293
Elliott, Edward 247
Elliott, James S. 319
Elliott, Judith 225
Elliott, Ross 329
Ellis, Charles 265, 451
Ellis, Maurice 243
Elsom, Isobel 351
Elzy, Ruby 421
Emery, John 189, 355, 391
Epailly, Jules 275, 437
Eric, Elspeth 461
Erickson, Leif 189, 337, 461
Ernst, Leila 175, 467
Erskine, Marilyn 365
Esa, Carol 319
Esker, Victor 449
Etcheverry, Alfred 199, 451
Evans, Cecilia 329
Evans, Josephine 165
Evans, Maurice 217, 343, 443
Ewell, Tom 237

F

Fair, Florence 199
Fairchild, George 263
Fairman, Austin 359
Falkenburg, "Jinx" 279

PAGE

Farbares, Nanette 171
Farrell, Glenda 359
Farrell, John 463
Fassett, Jay 199
Faversham, Philip 185
Fearnley, John 451
Fefe 361
Feist, Babbette 357
Fenton, Frank 487
Ferguson, Howard 413
Fern, Vera 467
Fernandez, Peter 319
Ferrer, Jose 249, 451
Ferrer, Melchor 185, 287
Fetchit, Stepin 291
Field, Betty 163, 409
Fillmore, Clyde 467
Findlay, Grace Francis 183
Findlay, Thomas 431
Fisher, Edward 473
Fitts, Eugene 319
Fitzgerald, Barry 415, 431
Fitzgerald, Nell 379
Fleming, Alice 433
Fletcher, Bramwell 461
Fletcher, Lawrence 203
Floyd, Sara 321
Flynn, Gertrude 203
Foley, Joseph F. 189
Foley, Paul A. 349
Follette, Grace 237
Fontanne, Lynn 323, 397
Forbes, Brenda 395
Forbes, Edward 185
Forbes, Juliet 407
Ford, Helen 189
Ford, Melbourne 331
Ford, Wallace 431
Forgioli 361
Forster, Rudolph 455
Foster, Donald 175
Foster, Florence 267
Foster, Philip 487
Foster, Willard 413
Four Bruisers (The) 259
Fox, Franklyn 379
Fox, Irene 497
Fox, Janet 337
Francis, Arlene 263, 407
Francis, Charles 165
Francis, Eugene 413
Franck, Nelly 389
Franklin, Anna 179
Franz, Eduard 449
Fraser, Elisabeth 323
Fraser, Jane 173
Fraser, Marie 421
Freeman, Howard 237, 319, 355, 391
French, Peggy 247, 373
Froman, Jane 303
Frye, Peter 331
Furcolowe, Charles 237

G

Gabel, Martin 331
Gae, Nadine 233, 395
Gage, John 341
Gaines, Pearl 331
Gallaudet, John 193
Galli, Augusto 361
Gamonet 361
Gardner, Hunter 179
Gardiner, Cyril 403
Garey, Peter 231
Garfield, John 325
Gary, Harold 455
Gary, Ted 291
Gates, Larry 217
Gates, Melvin 163
Gaxton, William 297
Gaye, Gregory 377
Gear, Luella 435
Geery, William 269
Geller, Evelyn 463
Genge, Paul 263
George, Gladys 349
George, Grace 287, 437
Gerard, John 371
Gerlette, Anne 357
Gerrits, Paul 167
Gerry, Roger 233
Gessner, Adrienne 383
Gibbs, Ruth 421
Gilbert, Gloria 485
Gilbert, Lauren 185, 343, 443
Gilbert, Louis 421
Gilbert, Walter 475
Gilchrist, Connie 469
Gilford, Jack 171
Gilmore, Douglas 185
Gilmore, Lowell 379
Gish, Dorothy 293, 445
Givens, Westley 193
Gleason, Jack 303
Going Frederica 409
Goldstein, Hy 497
Gomez, Thomas 323, 397

Cast Index

	PAGE
Gondor, Emery	389
Goodner, Carol	423
Goodwin, Coburn	331
Goodwin, Geena	299
Gordon, Bert (The Mad Russian)	379
Gordon, Edwin	185
Gordon, Elsie Mae	221
Gorman, Brant	311
Gorno	361
Gorst, Eldon	379
Goslar, Lotte	289
Gough, Lloyd	319, 373, 407
Gould, Peggy	265
Gower and Jeanne	485
Grable, Betty	439
Grady, Nancy	415
Graff, Wilton	185, 311
Graham, Ann	233
Graham, Jack	415
Graham, Ronald	439
Grassi, Enzo	497
Grau, Harold	185
Gray, Alexander	421
Gray, Willard	395
Grayson, Ralph	311
Greben, Michel	299
Green, Mitzi	291
Green, Norma	331, 409
Greene, Jeanne	329
Greenstreet, Sydney	323, 397
Gregory, James	221, 263, 451
Grey, Earle	311, 403
Grey, Katherine	199
Gribbon, Harry	199
Griffith, Linda	233
Griffith, Robert	479
Griggs, John	449
Grimes, Mae	319
Guidi, Agostino	361

H

Hagen, Uta	451
Hale, Allan	347
Haley, Jack	337
Hall, Ellen	391
Hall, Lois	165, 237, 401
Hallister, Len	307
Hammond, Daga	455
Hammond, Ruth	457
Hammond, Virginia	473
Hampf, Dagmar	455
Hampton, Grayce	325
Handon, R. Henry	355
Handy, Wyer Owens	421
Handzlik, Anna	269
Hanlon, Harry	207
Hannelin, Goldie	451
Hanray, Lawrence	403
Hansen, William	217, 331, 385
Harary, Nettie	497
Harbord, Carl	283
Hardeen	493
Hardie, Russell	377
Hare, Lumsden	437
Hargrave, Roy	253
Harmon, Helen	221
Harrett, Lee	455
Harrigan, Nedda	249
Harrigan, William	367
Harrington, Pat	223, 469
Harris, Averell	173, 451
Harris, Blaney	275
Harris, Natalie	299
Harris, Terry	263, 409
Harrison, Frances	237
Harrison, Pendleton	413
Hart, Teddy	479
Hartt, Sherle	241
Harvey, Edward	305
Harvey, Elwyne	203
Harvey, Georgette	329
Harvey, Michael	473
Harvey, Robert	427
Hastings, Ardele	319
Hastings, Barbara	319
Havoc, June	173
Hayden, Richard	395
Haydon, Julie	463
Hayes, Bernadene	253
Hayes, Helen	217, 463
Haywood, Billie	455
Healey, Eunice	279, 295
Hearn, Lew	481
Heberden, Mary	203, 249
Hector, Louis	275
Heflin, Mary Frances	249
Heflin, Van	487
Heinemann, Eda	175, 257, 341
Heller, Jackie	481
Heming, Violet	227, 293
Henry, Raoul	371
Hepburn, Barton	335
Hepburn, Katharine	487
Herbert, A. J.	371
Herndel, Paul	163
Herrick, Fred	307
Hertz, Ross	237
Hesse, Alfred	377
Hewitt, Alan	319, 397
Hill, Drima	227
Hinkley, Darthy	165
Hirose, George	479
Hitch, William	413
Hobbes, Halliwell	311
Hodge, Martha	409
Hoey, Dennis	377
Hofer, Johanna	383
Hoffman, David	193, 479
Hoffman, Jane	241
Hogue, Roland	203, 401
Holme, Celeste	307, 383, 463
Holmes, Ralph	481
Homolka, Oscar	317
Hope, Gloria	337
Hopkins, Angus	171
Horder, Barbara	403
Horton, Claude	323
Houston, Josephine	299
Howard, Norah	403
Howes, Mary	377
Howlett, Lloyd	421
Hoysradt, John	207, 473
Hughes, Arthur	225
Hughes, Charles A.	283
Hughes, Gwyneth	209
Huish, Ted	311
Hulett, Otto	401
Hull, Henry	499
Hull, Henry, Jr.	413
Hull, Josephine	341
Hume, Thomas	253
Humphreys, Cecil	341, 367
Hunnicutt, Arthur	319
Hunter, Ruth	499
Huntington, Louise	455
Huston, Philip	217
Huston, Walter	319, 367
Hutton, Betty	235, 395
Hyers, Frank	233
Hylton Sisters (The)	485
Hyrt, Nelly	389

I

Inglis, Elizabeth	437
Ingram, Rex	343
Intropidi, Ethel	407
Irvine, Harry	199
Irving, Ellis	217
Irving, Margaret	279, 485
Ivan, Rosalind	209
Ives, Burl	325

J

Jackson, Ethel	451
Jackson, Harry	467
Jackson, Suzanne	165
Jaffee, Lynne	497
Jagger, Dean	391, 449, 499
January, Lois	481
Jaray, Hans	383
Jarrett, Art	291
Jeanne (Gower and)	485
Jeffery, William	413
Jewel, Izetta	343
Johann, Zita	377
Johnson (Olson and)	493
Johnson, Carl	473
Johnson, Eddie	171
Johnson, J. Louis	243
Johnson J. Rosamond	243
Johnson, Myra	421
Johnson, Raymond	217, 311, 443
Johnson, Van	173, 467
Johnsud, Harold	451
Jolson, Al	279
Jones, Barry	293, 403
Jones, George, Jr.	421
Jones, Gordon	175, 225
Jones, Henry	443
Jones, J. Richard	249, 331, 407
Jordan, Charles	281, 371
Jordan, Thomas	319
Joy, Nicholas	487
Judah, Catherine	269
Junger, Esther	241

K

Kallini, Joseph	175
Kaiser, Erwin	383
Kane, Mary	311
Kane, Whitford	257, 413
Kapp, Walter	263
Karam, Elena	299
Kariwels, Oscar	185
Karpe, Curtis	473
Kaye, A. P.	433
Kazan, Elia	355, 385
Kean, Gerald	299
Keane, Charles	413
Keane, George	217, 343, 443
Kearney, John L.	213, 413
Kearse, Timothy	457
Keenan, Charles	415
Keenan, Geneva	193
Keene, Madora	359
Keith, Leonard	185
Keith, Robert	203, 489
Keith-Johnston, Colin	367
Kelly, Gene	173, 463
Kelly, Richard	365
Kelly, Walter	257
Kelly, William J.	227
Kelso, James	233
Kelton, Pert	167
Kendrick, Richard	357
Kennedy, Arthur	341
Kennedy, Charles	451
Kent, Elaine	347
Klerman, Frank	269
Kilbride, Percy	247
Killcoyne, Kathleen	269
Kimber, Kathryn	395
King, Edith	377, 397
King, John C.	457
King, Lamar	499
King, Leslie	199
King, Marjorie	269
Kinney, Ray	493
Kirk, Van	241
Knapp, Marjorie	267
Knego, Peter	175, 371
Knight, Patricia	311
Knox, Alexander	281, 311
Knox, Julia	209
Koch, Peter	389
Kollmar, Richard	467
Korff, Arnold	199, 355, 383, 401
Kowal, Mitchell	213
Kramm, Joseph	263, 355, 413
Krauss, Charlotte	389
Kuluva, Will	279
Kurer, Vilma	389

L

Lackland, Ben	341
Lahr, Bert	439
Lamb, Gil	279
Lamberti, Prof.	419
Landis, Jessie Royce	319
Lambert, Jack	253, 325
Landon, Daniel	473
Landon, Donald	473
Lane, Howard	347
Lane, James	473
Langan, Glen	221
Langford, Eva	409
Langdon, Dick	481
Lascano, Vincent	367
Lascoe, Henry	263
Lassiter, Mildred	421
Latimer, Louise	347
La Torre, Charles	297, 409
Lattuada, Emma	361
Lauren, Jane	235
Lauria, Larry	409
La Varre, Frank	267
La Varre, Paul	267
Law, Mildred	467
Lawford, Betty	221, 291
Lawrence, Gertrude	475
Lawrence, Norman	419
Lawton, Thais	203
Leach, George	307
Leavitt	217
Lee, Lila	253
Lee, Linda	331
Lee, Richard	479
Lee, Will	325, 385, 463
Leicester, William	231
Leigh, Vivien	311
Le Massena, William	323, 397
Leonard, David	263, 371
Leone, Daniel	473
LeRoy, Hal	467
LeRoy, Kenneth	329
Lester, Jerry	419
Lessey, George	473
Leslin, Harry	231
Levene, Sam	461
Le Verne	259
Levin, Henry	221, 371
Levy, Al	497
Lewis, Philip	371
Lieb, Herman	225
Lightfoot, James	421
Linaker, Kay	193
Lind, Delia	485
Lindenberg, Paul	389
Lindsay, Howard	457
Lindsay, Lex	221
Liss, Ronny	263

Cast Index

PAGE

Lloyd, George 241, 377
Lloyd, Norman 331
Loadwick, Frederick 369
Locke, Katherine 371, 427, 449
Locke, Ralph 185
Lockwood, T. Renaud 403
Loeb, Philip 325, 385
Lonergan, Lenore 487
Long, Nick, Jr. 297
Long, Walter 267
Longmire, Adele 179, 409
Loper, Don 147
Lord, Pauline 135
Lorenz, Fred 389
Lorenz, John 313
Loring, Kay 213
Lorraine, Emily 203
Lott, Ruth 231
Love, Ellen 185
Lovelace, Henrietta 421
Lowe, Harry 367
Lubin, Lou 213
Lucienne and Ashour 267
Ludlow, Patrick 403
Lumet, Sidney 263, 329, 427
Lunt, Alfred 323, 397
Lupton, La Verne 467
Lynds, Jack 275
Lynn, William 469
Lyons, Thomas 209
Lytell, Bert 231, 461

Mc

McCarthy, Kevin 163
McCauley, John 303, 485
McClelland, Charles 225
McClelland, Dona 307
McComb, Kate 445
McCormack, Frank 357, 413
McDermott, Aline 253
McDevitt, Ruth Thane 365, 407
McDonald, Alexander 243
McDonald, Earl 409
McDonnell, Austine 395
McGovern, John 189
McGrath, Byron 263, 397
McGrath, Grace 397
McGuire, Dorothy 287, 331
McInerney, Joseph 209
McKay, Constance 163
McKenzie, Fay 171
McNally, Horace 275, 412
McNamara, Edward 307, 461
McQuade, John 343, 443

M

Macauley, Joseph 355
MacColl, James 467
MacFarlane, Bruce 175, 225
MacGibbon, Harriet 409
Mackay, Richard 165, 355
Mackenzie, Donald 469
MacLaughlin, Don 371
MacLean, Paula 313
MacMahon, Aline 325, 431
Macomber, David 175
Macready, Michael 427
Maher, Wally 193
Malden, Karl 163, 263, 451
Mann (Barto and) 493
Mann, Paul 163
Mannering, Jay 299
Manson, Alan 263
Maran, George 279
March, Eve 455
March, Ruth 451
Margetson, Arthur 249, 357, 437
Margo 455
Marion, Paul 175, 225
Markey, Enid 227, 445
Marlowe, Hugh 163, 407
Marriott, James 165
Marriott, John 491
Marsh, Evelyn 299
Marshall, Red 167
Marshalov, Boris 167
Marsland, Nancie B. 311
Martin, Charles 175, 225, 311
Martin, Owen 365
Martin, Walter 389
Mason, Ann 225, 357
Mason, Mary 249, 345
Mason, Reginald 281, 305
Mathews, Carmen 343
Mattern, Katherine 389
Matteson, Ruth 425
Matthews, George 189
Matthews, Gerald 319
Matthews, Joyce 279

PAGE

Maude, Margery 183
Maxwell, Frank 305
May, Marty 281
Maybee, Roderick 409
Mayer, Ray 297, 373
Meiser, Edith 281, 313
Meisner, Sanford 385
Mellish, Vera 317
Mendelssohn, Eleonora 163
Mendick, Charles 385
Merande, Doro 227, 319
Meredith, Burgess 355
Merivale, Jack 311
Merivale, Philip 469
Merman, Ethel 233, 429
Merrick, Gordon 473
Merrill, Beth 427
Merrill, Gary 479
Merriman, Nan 211
Michael, Mary 409
Michon, Michel 299
Mill, Marion 377
Millay, Norma 451
Miller, Moi-Yo 283
Miller, Susan 419
Milligan, Alva 175
Mills, Gordon 397
Mills, Grace 257
Mills, Grant 373
Miranda, Carmen 485
Mitchell, Abbie 491
Mitchell, Bobby 213
Mitchell, Cameron 397
Mitchell, Esther 257, 281, 379
Mitchell, Millard 215, 365, 479
Modick, Murray 497
Moffat, Margaret 305, 379
Monypenny, Guy 469
Moore (Bergh and) 493
Moore, Al 243
Moore, Lela 419
Moore, Neil 213
Moore, Richard 337
Moore, Scott 185
Moore, Victor 297
Moore, Walter 349
Moorehead, Jean 439
Moray, Mona 227
Morehouse, Ralph 299, 365
Morgan, Ralph 207
Morgan, Terence 209
Morny, John 307, 413
Morrell, Don 397
Morris, Amarilla 173
Morris, David 167, 329
Morris, McKay 307, 383, 449
Morrison, Adrienne 317
Morrison, Ethel 349
Morrison, Mrs. Priestley 473
Morrison, Russell 185
Morrow, Irving 297
Morrow, Portia 457
Morrow, Robert 347
Moser, Evelyn 355
Moss, Arnold 163, 263, 279, 371
Mowbray, Henry 275, 433
Moxzer, Jleno 243
Mulligan, Robert J. 473
Muni, Paul 451
Munson, Jerry 241
Murphy, Katherine 455
Murray, Edgar Roland 193
Murray, Wynn 167
Myers, Martin 193
Myers, Selwyn 409

N

Napier, Alan 349
Nash, Marie 167, 337
Nash, Robert 171
Natwick, Mildred 427
Navarre, Paul 367
Neil, Milton 199
Nellan, John 185
Nelles, Dr. A. Douglas 259
Nelson, Gordon 199
Nelson, Mervyn 241
Nelson, Ralph 323, 397
Nelson, Ruth 189, 385
Neumann, Elisabeth 389
Nevins, Don 163
Newcombe, Jessamine 351
Newmark, Rose 497
Newport, Beatrice 319
Newton, Priscilla 449
Newton, Theodore 237, 473
Niblo, Fred 225
Nicodemus 297
Nicol, Alexander 231
Niesen, Claire 185
Nillson, Carlotta 199
Nilsson, Walter 493
Nirska 419
Nolan, Doris 185
Nolley, Edmonia 473

PAGE

Nonchalants (The Three) 419
Norcross, Hale 237, 305, 415, 431
Normann, Harda 209
Nossen, Bram 275, 331
Nugent, Eddie 313, 479
Nugent, Elliott 425
Nugent, J. C. 433

O

Ober, Philip 315
O'Brien, Edmond 311, 379
O'Brien, Laurence C. 183, 305
O'Brien, Robert 409
O'Brien, Virginia 303
Ocko, Daniel 213
O'Connor, Aideen 415, 431
O'Connor, Frank 391
O'Daniels, Barrie 291
O'Dea, Sunnie 303
Odell, Maude 499
O'Duel, Merritt 209
O'Hanlon, Dorothy 357
O'Keefe, Winston 433
Olivier, Laurence 311
Olsen and Johnson 493
Olsen, Fin 337
[illegible]ley, Grania 305, 415
O'Malley, John 325
O'Moore, Patrick 351
O'Neill, Sally 183, 433
Opatoshu, David 385
Operti, LeRoi 473
O'Rear, James 221, 325, 455
O'Regan, George 415
Orr, Forrest 487
Orr, Mary 281
Orrick, David 347
Orzaszewski, Kasia 455
O'Shea, Patsy 199, 319

P

Packer, William 379
Paige, Jacqueline 217, 469
Palmer, Jeanne 299
Palmieri, Peter 427
Parker, Willard 275
Parks, Paul 293
Parrish, John 391
Parrish, Judy 213
Parry, Lee 433
Paschall, Alfred 343, 443
Patten, Dorothy 189
Patterson, Kenneth 171
Paul, Liesl 389
Paul, Louis 171
Paul, Wauna 431
Paxton, Marie 287
Pearson, Beatrice 355
Pearson, Eppy 233
Pease, James 369
Peever, Henry 389
Penman, Lea 227, 341, 391
Penn, Leonard 349
Penrose, Gibbs 365
Perkins, Jackson 343, 443
Perry, Elaine 221, 355
Perry, Tileston 311
Petry, Gedda 299
Pevney, Joseph 213, 455
Peyton, Sarah 409
Phillips, Barbey 171
Phillips, Edwin 391
Phillips, John 409
Phillips, Minna 425
Phillips, Wendell K. 371
Pichlar, Maria 389
Pickens, Jane 367
Picon, Molly 329
Pierson, Arthur 391
Pinto, Thea 279
Pitkin, Robert 297, 413
Plant, Mark 481
Plimmer, Harry 437
Plowden, Roger 299
Plowright, Hilda 379
Podrecca, Lia 361
Polacheck, Charles 409
Polan, Lou 385
Posaldoni 361
Post, William, Jr. 175, 257
Postance, William 473
Poulos, Angi O. 319
Powers, Leona 231, 433
Powers, Tom 207, 433
Preminger, Otto L. 461
Prescott, Charles 211
Prescott, Jack 293
Preston, Nancy 225
Preston, Randolph 455
Probert, George 473
Purdue, DeWitt 473
Pursell, Charles S. 209

Cast Index

Q

Quaglia, Antonio 361
Quevli, Marie Louise 337
Quine, Richard 175
Quinn, Patricia 499

R

Radio Rogues (The) 493
Rae, Nan 302
Rae, Nelson 172
Ragland, Rags 233
Rains, Charles 221
Randolph, Amanda 425
Randolph, Donald 343, 443
Randolph, John 279, 331
Ranson, Herbert 293
Raquello, Edward 323
Rasumny, Mikhail 299
Rathbun, Ruth 481
Ray ((Roberta and) 493
Ray, Helen 175
Raye, Martha 279
Raymond, Alan 203
Raymond, Robin 479
Rea, Robert 473
Readick, Bobby 247
Readinger, Jeanne 485
Readinger, Jo 485
Reamer, Robert 413
Redd, Florence 455
Reed (and Dean) 493
Reed, Alan 319
Reed, Florence 165
Reed, Mel 493
Reed, Paul 269
Reed, Phillip 401
Rees, William 357
Regan, John A. 319
Rehan, Reneice 499
Reid, Carl Benton 491
Reid, Helen 231
Reilley, Estelle 257
Reinheart, Alice 263
Reiss, Ronald 321
Renaldo, Tito 439
Renee, Helen 163, 409
Rennie, Hugh 272
Rennie, James 299, 427
Rewalt, Lothar 389
Reynolds, George 401
Rhodes, Grandon 163
Rice, Edison 173, 467
Richards, Frank 465
Richards, Grant 197
Richards, Jack 481
Richards, Kurt 343, 443
Richardson, Jane 337
Riggs, Ralph 297, 481
Ripley, Everett 343
Ritt, Martin 409
Robb, John 287, 315
Robbins, James 335
Robert, Hans 467
Roberta and Ray 493
Roberts, Ben 481
Roberts, Bonnie 455
Roberts, Dorothy 171
Roberts, Eric 175, 319, 455
Roberts, George 193
Roberts, Mel 175
Roberts, Roy 153, 469
Robin, Sue 171
Robeson, Paul 421
Robins, E. H. 297
Robinson, Bill 167
Robinson, Larry 457
Robson, Flora 351
Roe, Patricia 319
Roe, Raymond 457
Rogers, Emmett 343, 443
Rolfe, Mary 479
Romano, Amelia 209
Rorke, Hayden 487
Roselle, William 313
Ross, Anthony 217, 342
Ross, Ben 231
Ross, Shirley 337
Ross, Robert 427
Rounsville, Robert 337
Rowan, Ernest 365
Rubinstein, Ruth 497
Rudley, Herbert 383, 455
Russell, Byron 305, 415, 431
Russell, Lewis L. 231
Rustad, John 385
Ryan, Peggy 171
Ryder, Alfred 231

S

Sablon, Jean 485
Sachs, Arthur L. 263, 409
Sage, Michael 371
St. Clair, Lydia 163
Salzer, Sidney 481
Sampsel, Guy J. 185, 357
Sands, William 325
Sargent, Mary 357
Saunders, Clare 185
Savage, Archie 243
Savo, Jimmy 197
Sayers, Jo Ann 175
Scandur, Joe 337
Schafer, Natalie 365
Schmidt, Fred 497
Schnabel, Stefan 221
Schnee, Thelma 209, 455
Schoeller, William F. 371
Schwanneke, Ellen 357
Scott, Anthony 389
Scott, C. W. 421
Scott, Ivy 467
Scott, Peter 341, 427
Scott, Robert 425
Scourby, Alexander 343
Sears, Fred 185, 225
Sears, Lucille 409
Sedgwick, Edna 267
Seegar, Sara 213
Seel, James 193
Seeley, James 163, 469
Segal, Vivienne 173
Selby, Harry 415
Self, Lucian 415
Selwart, Tonio 299
Semour, Paul 497
Serangeli, Mario 361
Servoss, Mary 335
Sessions, Almira 481
Seymour, Jane 237
Seymour, John 293
Seymour, Paul 177
Shanley, Robert 237
Shannon, Effie 299, 415, 445
Sharp, Henry 329
Sharp, Louis 243
Shaw, Hollace 227
Shayne, Robert 227
Sheehan, Jack 165
Shellie, John 479
Shelton, Don 409
Shepard, Blaine 233
Sheridan, Nancy 281, 449
Sheridan, Phil 473
Sherman, Hal 493
Sherman, Hilram 197, 257
Sherman, Howard 199
Sherrill, Ruth 455
Sherwood, Henry 307
Shields, Arthur 415, 431
Shields, Helen 355, 407
Shores, Byron 467
Shotwell, Hudson 451
Shvedova, Ara 299
Silvers, Phil 481
Silving, Bert 389
Simon, Richard 457
Simpson, Ivan 425
Sinclair, Diane 173, 467
Sinclair, Horace 475
Sisson, Richard 253
Sittler, Marion 437
Six Willys (The) 267
Skinner, Cornelia Otis 293
Skinner, Neil 293
Skipworth, Alison 433
Smart, Jack 359
Smart, Richard 395
Smith, Art 189, 325, 385
Smith, Caryl 231
Smith, G. Albert 315
Smith, George 391
Smith, George W. 307
Smith, J. Ascher 293, 357, 391
Smith, Kent 179, 341, 427
Smith, Loring 221
Smith, Mark 217
Smith, Merritt 421
Smith, Robert 395
Smith, Sydney 343, 443
Smith, Truman 257
Sola, Leonor 467
Sondergaard, Gale 185
Sorel, Toni 247
Sorin, Louis 221, 347
Sothern, Harry 379
Spaull, Guy 349, 379
Speer, Clara 311
Speidel, Thomas 249
Spencer, J. DeWitt 421
Spencer, Kenneth 421
Spevlin, Dummy 173
Spong, Hilda 337
Standish, Helene 481
Stark, Howard T. 311
Starlings (The) 493
Stearns, John 385
Steenshorne, Aage 409
Stehli, Edgar 293, 367
Stenuf, Hedi 259
Sterling, Jane 317, 433
Sterling, Richard 457
Stevens, Edmond 379
Stevens, Houseley, Sr. 463
Stevens, Morton L. 311
Stevens, Onslow 377
Stevens, Virginia 385
Stewart, Allen 269
Stewart, Fred 189, 385
Stewart, Rodney 473
Stewart, Sophie 217
Stickney, Dorothy 457
Stirling, Oscar 287
Stoddard, Haila 237, 431
Stodelle, Ernestine 299
Stokes, Al 243
Stone, Ezra 213
Stone, Gary 419
Stone, Harold J. 329, 455
Stone, Sidney 341
Stone, William 415
Stoner, Joe 279
Stoner, Lou 279
Stoyanovsky, Arcady 299
Stratton, Chester 347
Straub, John 311
Stuart, Norman 397
Sullivan, Lee 291
Sumpter, Ralph 305
Sundberg, Clinton 327
Sutton, Kay 439
Swan, Buddy 455
Sweeney, Joseph 469
Sweetland, William 365
Sydnor, Earl 243, 409
Sylva, Marita 203

T

Talbot, Juliet 263
Talbot, Lyle 359
Talbot-Martin, Elizabeth 171
Taliaferro, Mabel 247
Tallichet, Margaret 193
Talma, Zolya 203, 455
Talman, William 227
Tandy, Jessica 281, 403
Tannahill, Myrtle 487
Tanner, Betty 279
Tanner, Martha 279
Tanner, "Mickey" 279
Tanya (Ygor and) 419
Tas, Marjorie 299
Taylor, Key 467
Tell, Arthur 175
Temple, Maria 317, 389
Tetzel, Joan 355
Tews, Adolph 225
Thaxter, Phyllis 323
Thayer, Tina 315
Theodore, Ralph 451
Thomas, Ann 409
Thomas, May 199
Thompson, Charles 325, 385
Thompson, Natalie 199
Thor, Jerome 455
Thorley, Victor 397
Thorn, Bertram 357
Thornton, George 307
Tibbetts, Walter 269
Tierney, Gene 425
Tilden, Beau 275
Tobin, Dan 487
Todd, James 253, 313
Tokar, Norman 199, 479
Tomes, Joseph 311
Tompkins, Joan 175
Tone, Franchot 271
Tonge, Philip 281, 433
Toretzka, Ludmilla 391
Tozere, Frederic 263, 451
Tracy, Lee 193
Travell, George 319
Treacher, Arthur 233
Trees, Carl 337
Trenholme, Helen 257
Trent, Sheila 347
Treseder, Kenneth 401
Trieseult, Ivan 299, 377
Triggs, John 163, 409
Troutman, Ivy 287
Trueman, Paula 247
Truex, Ernest 247
Trunpo, Mildred 455
Tuckerman, Maury 443
Tully, Tom 385, 463
Turnbull, John 403
Turner, Maidel 221
Turner, Susan 403

U

Ulric, Lenore 371

Cast Index

V

	PAGE
Vail, Edwin	263, 413
Valdy, Regina	341
Valentine, Grace	247
Valenty, Lili	185
Van (Ward and)	480
Van Buren, A. H.	457
Vance, Vivian	315, 475
Van Cleve, Edith	365
Vane, Gerald	403
Varden, Evelyn	231, 317, 469
Varro, Paul	413
Vaughan, Beryl	193
Vaughan, Eva	421
Vees, Albert	455
Verdi, Joe	307
Vernon, Valentine	275
Vert, Bernice	257
Vibber, Nene	463
Vincent, Edgar	389
Vincent, Frank	355
Vincent, Henry	221
Vivian, Ruth	473
Vuola, Tito	455

W

	PAGE
Wade, Randolph	325, 463
Wagner, Walter	479
Walden, Henry	263
Waldrop, Oza	225
Wahle, Evelyn	461
Walker, June	217
Wall, Evelyn	225
Wallace, Beryl	419
Wallace, Regina	425
Walsh, Mary Jane	467
Walter, Edwin	499
Walter, Herman	389
Walters, Charles	439
Walton, Douglas	437
Ward and Van	485
Ward, Fleming	479
Waring, Richard	209, 305, 413
Warren, Katharine	311
Warriner, Kate	383
Washburn, Gloria	413
Washington, Benveneta	421
Washington, Charles	473
Washington, Mattie	421
Waters, Ethel	243
Waters, Patricia	401
Watts, George	469
Wayne, David	347
Wayne, Shirley	493
Weaver, Beverly	171
Weaver, Doodles	171
Webb, Janet	269
Weber, L. Laurence, Jr.	413
Webster, Ben	311
Weiss, Rudolf	163, 409
Weissman, Dora	409
Weith, Leo	389
Weitz, Millie	497
Weld, Sylvia	207
Wescott, Marcy	467
West, Albert	373
West, Brooks	323, 397
West, Edna	179, 469
Weston, Ruth	247, 315
Wetmore, Joan	287, 409
Whipper, Leigh	331
White, Alice	421
White, Bob	175, 319
White, Joshua	421
Whitey's Steppers	493
Whiting, Jack	279, 291
Whitman, Jack	473
Whitney, Iris	165, 415
Whitty, Dame May	311
Whorf, Richard	323, 397
Whyte, Jerry	173
Wick, Dodee	253
Wickes, Mary	473
Wierum, Howard	343, 442
Wilcox, Bert	357
Wilde, Cornel	311
Williams, Charlie	189
Williams, Florence	491
Williams, Frances	291
Williams, Gwilym	209
Williams, Jack	171
Williams, Milton	243
Williams, Musa	313, 421
Williams, Rhys	209, 343, 443
Williams, Robert	409
Williams, Walter	343, 443
Willis, Marion	365
Wilson, Dooley	243, 313
Wilson, J. P.	257
Wiman, Katherine	349
Winwood, Estelle	351, 433
Wiseman, Joseph	263
Wolfe, Carol	269
Wolfson, Martin	469
Wonder, Tommy	395
Wood, Peggy	179, 293
Woodbury, Clare	275
Wooddell, Barbara	473
Woods, Donald	225
Woods, Johnny	419
Woolf, Harold	473
Woolfolk, William	421
Woolley, Monty	473
Wordley, Ralph	237
Worlock, Frederic	335
Worth, Billie	337
Wright, Teresa	457
Wyatt, Jane	225, 385
Wycherly, Margaret	355, 499
Wyler, Trude	225
Wynn, Ed	267
Wynn, Keenan	395

Y

	PAGE
Yeates, Ray	421
Yeo, Mary Jane	259
Ygor and Tanya	419
Yorke, Ruth	329
Yost, Herbert	445
Young, Harry	305, 415, 431

Z

	PAGE
Zani, Dario	361
Zappata, Irma	361
Zarkevitch, Feodor	299
Zatti, Alma	361
Zorina, Vera	297

Authors

	PAGE
Anderson, Maxwell	263, 451
Barry, Philip	487
Bein, Albert	325
Bolitho, Hector	317
Boothe, Clare	461
Bradford, Roark	421
Brand, Millen	455
Bush-Fekete, L.	469
Caldwell, Erskine	499
Carole, Joseph	359
Carroll, Paul Vincent	183, 431
Chilton, Eleanor Carroll	207
Chodorov, Edward	185, 287
Chodorov, Jerome	175
Clements, Colin	221
Clork, Harry	479
Cohan, George M.	307
Congreve, William	293
Conrad, Eugene	213
Cronin, Dr. A. J.	281
Crouse, Russel	457
Day, Clarence	457
Denham, Reginald	335, 351
De Sylva, B. G.	297
Dinehart, Alan	359
Eckstein, Gustav	427
Ervine, St. John	267
Fields, Joseph	175
Gabel, Ruby	213
Gabel, Zac	213
Gottlieb, Alex	359
Gould, Frank	347
Green, Howard J.	227
Harper, H. H.	203
Harper, Marguerite	203
Harris, Elmer	275, 413
Hart, Moss	247, 473
Hays, H. R.	331
Hecht, Ben	469
Hellman, Lillian	491
Hemingway, Ernest	371
Herbert, F. Hugh	225
Hirschfeld, Ludwig	357
Horwin, Jerry	401
Joseph, Edmund	359
Kaufman, George S.	247, 473
Kelly, John Walter	315
Kingsley, Sidney	455
Kirkland, Jack	499
Komisarjevsky, Theodore	299
Kortner, Fritz	383
Kraft, H. S.	185
Kraly, Hans	225
Langley, Noel	449
Langner, Lawrence	237
Lazarus, Milton	193
Lewis, Philip	207
Lindsay, Howard	457
McKenney, Ruth	175
MacArthur, Charles	469
Mahbaum, Richard	479
Marshall, Armina	237
Mayer, Jerome	365
Meiser, Edith	313
Mims, Stuart	299
Molnar, Ferenc	199, 355
Nicholson, Kenyon	165
Nugent, Elliott	425
O'Casey, Sean	415
Odets, Clifford	385
Osborn, Paul	445
Percy, Edward	335, 351
Powys, Stephen	291
Priestley, J. B.	433
Rand, Ayn	391
Raphaelson, Samson	475
Rattigan, Terence	317
Regan, Sylvia	329
Reyher, Ferdinand	225
Rice, Elmer	163, 409
Riley, Lawrence	231
Robinson, Charles	165
Robinson, Percy	305
Rosenthal, Andrew	317
Ryerson, Florence	221
St. Joseph, Ellis	367
Saroyan, William	319, 463
Saul, Oscar	331
Shakespeare, William	217, 311, 343, 397, 443
Sharp, Margery	349
Shaw, George Bernard	403
Shaw, Irwin	189
Sheean, Vincent	341
Sherwood, Robert E.	323
Starling, Lynn	227
Stern, Philip Van Doren	413
Storm, Lesley	437
Strange, John Stephen	313
Thomas, Brandon	349
Thompson, Dorothy	383
Thurber, James	425
Towner, Wesley	387
Turney, Catherine	401
van Druten, John	179, 379
Walpole, Hugh	287
Warwick, James	253
Williams, Emlyn	209
Wilmurt, Arthur	497
Wolfe, Eugene	327
Wood, Allan	373

Managers or Producers

PAGE

Abbott, George 173, 365, 391, 467, 479
Adler, Philip 373
Aldrich, Richard 185, 401, 461
American Viennese Group, Inc. 389
Beckhard, Arthur J. 335
Bloomgarden, Kermit 325
Brady, William A. 287, 437
Brown, Anthony 499
Brown, Lew 481
Burr, Courtney 357
Byrd, Sam 421
Carroll, Earl 419
Chatfield-Taylor, Otis 207
Choate, Edward 165, 415, 431
Colbourne, Maurice 403
Cooper, Irving 317
Copley Productions 257
Crawford, Bobby 359
Crawford, Cheryl 361, 383
de Courville, Albert 305
De Sylva, B. G. 223, 297, 439
Dowling, Eddie 319, 463
Duffy, Henry 225
Elkins, Marie Louise 253
Erskin, Chester 373
Evans, Maurice 343, 443
Ford, Montgomery 367
Freedley, Vinton 199, 243, 255
Gabel, Martin 231
Gaites, Joseph M. 221, 305, 413
Gilkey, Stanley 395
Golden, John 183, 475

PAGE

Gordon, Max 175
Gribble, Harry Wagstaff 275
Group Theatre 189, 385
Hale, George 279
Harris, Sam H. 247, 473
Henderson, Robert 433
Henie, Sonja 259
Herz, William 313
Hollywood Theatre Alliance 171
Hopkins, Arthur 449
Howard, Harry 347
Hutchinson, Arthur 193
Johnson, Olsen and 485, 493
Jolson, Al 279
Jones, Barry 403
Jones, Robert Edmond 415
Kingsley, Sidney 455
Kirkland, Jack 237
Klawans, Bernard 281
Komisarjevsky, Theodore 299
Kondolf, George 329
Labor Stage, Inc. 497
Lasky, Jesse L. 225
Leigh, Rowland 291
Lewis, Albert 243
Lichtman, Nat 241
Lyric Opera Company 269
McClintic, Guthrie 341, 427
MacLean, Douglas 335
Macy, Gertrude 395
Mayer, Jerome 407
Miller, Gilbert 199, 217, 351, 403, 469

PAGE

Myers, Richard 185, 401, 461
Olivier, Laurence 311
Olsen and Johnson 485, 493
Payne-Jennings, Victor 449
Pemberton, Brock 221, 315, 349
Players, The 293
Playwrights Company 163, 263, 323, 409, 451
Preminger, Otto L. 227
Ripley, Arthur 193
Schmidlapp, W. Horace 231
Schwab, Laurence 227
Serlin, Oscar 457
Shields, Arthur 415, 431
Shubert, Lee 437
Shuberts, The 303, 485
Shumlin, Herman 209, 425, 491
Sillman, Leonard 167
Skinner, Richard 249
Small, Jack 377
Taylor, Clarence 253
Theatre Guild 217, 319, 323, 371, 463, 487
Tuerk, John 203
Tuttle, Day 249
Wharton, Carly 331
Wilson, John C. 397
Wiman, Dwight Deere 179, 337, 379, 445
Wirtz, Arthur 359
Wynn, Ed 267
Yokel, Alex 213

Stage Directors

PAGE

Abbott, George 173, 365, 391, 467
Alan, Charles 269
Allen, Lewis 469
Anderson, John Murray 167, 395
Balanchine, George 243
Beckhard, Arthur J. 335
Berghof, Herbert 385
Brentano, Felix 413
Brown, Anthony 499
Carroll, Earl 419
Clurman, Harold 189, 385
Colbourne, Maurice 403
Coletti, Frank 313
Crothers, Rachel 183
Daltry, Joseph S. 269
Daniels, J. B. 253
Dare, Danny 171
Dassin, Jules 331
de Courville, Albert 305
Denham, Reginald 281, 351
Dowling, Eddie 319, 463
Dowling, Eddie Duryea 303, 485
Erskin, Chester 373
Fillmore, Russell 225
Forrest, Sam 307
Freeman, Charles K. 329

PAGE

Friedlander, William B. 359
Friedman, Charles 497
Gabel, Martin 407
Gribble, Harry Wagstaff 275, 397, 437
Henderson, Robert 433
Hopkins, Arthur 449
Huston, John 367
Jacoves, Felix 287
Jones, Robert Edmond 293, 431
Kaufman, George S. 175, 247, 473
Kingsley, Sidney 455
Komisarkevsky, Theodore 299
Kortner, Fritz 483
Lee, Auriol 179, 379
Leigh, Rowland 231
Leonidoff, Leon 259
Lewis, Robert 325
Lichtman, Nat 241
Logan, Joshua 249, 337, 445
Lunt, Alfred 323
McClintic, Guthrie 341, 427, 451
MacArthur, Charles 469
MacGregor Edgar 233, 279, 297, 439
Merlin, Frank 231, 347
Miller, Gilbert 199
Milton, Robert 377

PAGE

Miner, Worthington 237
Nicholson, Kenyon 165
Olivier, Laurence 311
Perry, Antoinette 221, 315, 349
Preminger, Otto L. 185, 227, 401, 461
Raphaelson, Samson 475
Rice, Elmer 163, 263, 409
Ripley, Arthur 193
Saroyan, William 319, 463
Schneider, Benno 355
Schnitzler, Heinrich 207
Sherman, Hiram 257
Shields, Arthur 415
Shumlin, Herman 209, 425, 491
Sillman, Leonard 167
Sinclair, Robert B. 487
Sircom, Arthur 203, 357
Strasberg, Lee 371
Stiefel, Milton 213
Stone, Ezra 389, 479
Viertel, Berthold 317
Webster, Margaret 217, 343, 443
Windust, Bretaigne 457
Wynn, Ed 267

Scenic Designers

PAGE

Amend, Karle 433
Andrews, Herbert 185
Aronson, Boris 243, 325, 391, 469
Bay, Howard 209, 329, 371, 491
Barratt, Watson 203, 287, 291, 319, 379, 437, 463
Bel Geddes, Norman 259
Bernstein, Aline 425
Bromberg, Louis 299
Burgess, Everett 225
Chaney, Stewart 217, 227, 341, 457
Cirker and Robbins 365, 449, 479
Du Bois, Raoul Pene 233, 279, 395, 439
Dunkel, Eugene 413
Edwards, Ben 383
Ffolkes, David 343, 443
Fox, Frederick 253, 275, 313

PAGE

Gilbert, Edward 167
Glover, Ernest 335
Goldewasser, Lawrence L. 305, 485
Gorelik, Mordecai 385
Hancock, Carolyn 397
Horner, Harry 373, 377, 389, 455
Jagemann, Walter 481
Johnson, Albert 421
Jones, Robert Edmond 293, 415, 431, 487
Karson, Nat 303, 355
Kennel, Louis 213
Kent, Carl 241
Koenig, John 249
Larsen, Johannes 231, 257
Lee, Tom 297
Le Seyeux, Jean 419
Leve, Samuel 269, 331

PAGE

MacGregor, Edgar 297
Mielziner, Jo 163, 173, 263, 337, 409, 427, 445, 451, 467
Motley 311
Oenslager Donald 175, 183, 189, 227, 401, 407, 461, 473, 475
O'Neil, Horton 165
Ostrander, A. A. 357
Robbins, Cirker and 365, 449, 479
Root, John 221, 247, 315, 349
Sovey, Raymond 199, 283, 317, 351
Stover, Frederick 171
Syrjala, S. 497
Waller, Oden 267, 307
Whorf, Richard 179, 207, 323

Composers, Lyric Writers, Librettists

	PAGE
Ahlert, Fred E.	259
Barry, Peter	241
Barzman, Ben	171
Barzman, Sol	171
Berlin, Irving	297
Blankfort, Henry	171
Bolton, Guy	279, 291
Bowles, Paul	317, 319
Brooks, Matt	279
Brown, Lew	481
Carmichael, Hoagy	291
Cochran, Dorcas	419
Dare, Danny	171
Davis, Eddie	279
de Rose, Peter	259
De Sylva, B. G.	233, 439
Dietz, Howard	303
Dubin, Al	303, 485
Duke, Vernon	243, 259
Eisler, Hanns	331, 385
Elisou, Edward	
Engel, Lehman	325, 443
Fain, Sammy	267, 493
Fielding, Marjery	167
Fields, Herbert	233, 439
Gilbert and Sullivan	269

	PAGE
Golden, Ray	171
Gorney, Jay	171
Greggory, David	241, 389
Gross, Milt	171
Hamilton, Nancy	395
Harburg, E. Y.	279
Hart, Lorenz	173, 337, 467
Hayes, Alfred	241
Huribut, Gladys	337
Irwin, Will	167
Kahal, Irving	267
Kazounoff, Bereneca	389
Lane, Burton	279
Latouche, John	243
Lawrence, Bert	171
Lewine, Richard	241
Lewis, Morgan	295
Levy, Parke	291
Lipscott, Alan	291
Logan, Joshua	337
McHugh, James	303, 485
Marion, George, Jr.	467
Marrow, Macklin	293
Menges, Herbert	343, 467
Mercer, Johnny	291
Metzl, Lothar	389

	PAGE
Michel, Werner	389
Moss, Al	241
Myers, Henry	171
North, Alex	241
Offner, Mortimer	171
O'Hara, John	173
Porter, Cole	233, 439
Quin, Mike	171
Rapee, Erno	259
Rodgers, Richard	173, 337, 467
Rome, Harold J.	485, 497
Root, Lynn	243
Rosoff, Charles	419
Rox, John	167
Russel, S. K.	167
Ryskind, Morrie	297
Sillman, June	167
Singer, Andre	389
Stept, Sam H.	481
Stillman, Al	259
Suesse, Dana	357
Sullivan, Gilbert and	269
Taylor, Deems	255
Tobias, Charlie	481, 493
Wolfe, Jacques	421
Yellen, Jack	267

Dance Directors

	PAGE
Alton, Robert	173, 233, 337, 395, 439, 467, 485
Balanchine, George	297, 303
Fielding, Marjery	167

	PAGE
Goslar, Lotte	389
Junger, Esther	241
Linden, Robert	259
Littlefield, Catherine	259, 279

	PAGE
Prinz, Eddie	419
Rasch, Albertina	267
Snyder, Gene	481

Critics' THEATRE REVIEWS

Enjoyed when first received—

Valued through the years—

Treasured for future reference—

An Excellent Gift Solution

Critics' THEATRE REVIEWS

"Flight to the West"

Reprinted from NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, *December 31, 1940*

"Flight to the West" Adds a Tense Drama to Broadway List

"Flight to the West," drama by Elmer Rice. Produced by the Playwrights' Company at the Guild Theatre, New York, Dec. 30, 1940.

★ ★ ★

By BURNS MANTLE

THERE has been a kind of exalted integrity in the determination of Elmer Rice to write of world conditions with a tolerant understanding, if not an altogether open mind, ever since he wrote "Judgment Day" and suffered for his unbridled bias.

In his new play, "Flight to the West," shown at the Guild Theatre last night, he again calls sanity and wisdom to aid him in his exposures and his arguments.

This drama, taking a mixed assortment of passengers on board a Yankee Clipper flying west out of Lisbon for the United States, is a dramatic indictment of the evils grown out of the "irrational madness" that has set up totalitarian dictatorships across the seas.

But it also is as thoughtfully moderated an argument as an honest liberal can write in his effort to explain the viewpoint and uncover the blind spots of a ruthless opposition.

Fellow Travellers

The Rice protagonists in "Flight to the West" include a young married couple, the Charles Nathans, he a third or fourth generation Anglicised Jew, she an old-stock American.

Their fellow passengers include a Nazi diplomatic agent, a would-be Nazi spy, a family of French refugees bombed out of Louvain, an American oil magnate who would let Big Business settle everything; another belligerent American lady columnist and several other types pertinent to the current international situation.

They argue. They threaten to fight. The lady columnist, following the lead of young Mrs. Nathan, whose father has been a United States consular agent for years, helps land the spy in British hands.

There is a shooting and finally a landing in New York, with a promised peace and security still far in the future, but with a satisfying start made in their direction.

With the action confined to the lounge cabins of the Clipper plane, Mr. Rice is forced to depend greatly upon threatening argument for suspense and interest.

Despite his handicap, I think he succeeds admirably in creating both.

Cabin Tricks

It is assumed that conversations cannot be heard between cabins. This permits the separation of the plotters when conspiracy is afoot.

Private cabins are at the rear of the plane. This permits the clearance of the lounge for intimate and personal conversations. Thus we are privileged to hear with reasonable logic the theatrical plottings of the Nazis and the domestic intimacies of the troubled Nathans.

Young Mrs. Nathan is happy in the thought that she is leaving a war-torn world behind and coming home to peace and security. Happy, too, in knowing that she is going to have a baby. Then she discovers that there is a threat of misery in either adventure.

There can be no peace in a world dominated by warring and embittered races. There can be no happiness in giving birth to another Jewish child to suffer as persecuted peoples have suffered.

Logical Reasoning

The conclusions that come out of the Rice argument are not too theatrical, and the intelligent playing of a group of fine actors consistently holds attention.

Betty Field, a favorite heroine in any circumstances, is the worried Mrs. Nathan, Hugh Marlowe her protective though muddled husband. Paul Hernried, an English actor newly come to America, lends force and distinction to the chief Nazi and Arnold Moss is finely persuasive as a philosophical analyst.

There is a tense dramatic performance by another newcomer, Lydia St. Clair, as a French refugee. Constance McKay is the lady columnist. James Seeley, Boris Marshalov, Eleonora Mendelssohn, Kari Malden, Grandon Rhodes, Helen Renee—all give excellent performances in short parts.

The Jo Mielziner setting is impressively handsome and seemingly entirely practical, and Mr. Rice's skill in deploying his characters in their cramped quarters is fascinating.

Reprinted from NEW YORK SUN, *December 31, 1940*

Elmer Rice's 'Flight to the West' Opens at the Guild Theater

By RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

WE MAY as well admit at the start that Elmer Rice's "Flight to the West," which opened at the Guild Theater last evening, has many faults and that some of them are serious enough to lessen the play's impact. With that admission out of the way, we may go on to what matters. What matters is that "Flight to the West" is a moving, deeply intelligent play and the first since Sherwood's "There Shall Be No Night" to go about the theater's major business.

The theater's major business is to reflect, and comment upon, the life its writers see and feel around them. In that life, at the moment, the struggle between two ways of living is of pre-eminent importance. Of that struggle Mr. Rice is writing. He limits its protagonists to the people who can take passage on a trans-Atlantic Clipper, bound, some of those aboard hope, from Europe's tragedy to America's serenity. But the passengers bring the world's unrest with them.

A girl and her Jewish husband are flying home and she dreams of a placid, suburban life. He is more restless in the world. He is one of the many liberals whom events have unsettled and left groping. An older liberal who has spent his life writing against war, cannot guide him. Nor do the tragedies of the other passengers make it easy to shelve the argument. A Belgian woman is bringing back her blinded American husband, bringing, too, a daughter who lost an arm in a bomb burst and a baby born by the roadside in France. A hopeless Jewish woman, who sees for her race only endless persecution, is aboard. An American Fascist bellows of the good in Hitlerism. Cooped with these are a Nazi diplomat and a Nazi spy.

These last characters provide the play with a trickle of plot, and sometimes this plot, swollen by the rain of dramatic necessity, sweeps aside what is important in the play. But basically, "Flight to the West" remains a play of thought and discussion. And when, in the end, the young Jewish husband is wounded while protecting the Nazi diplomat, the plot becomes fully part of the play. Its climax leads to the author's clear statement of belief: that the conflict is one between rational madness and irrational sanity—between the inhuman juggernaut of logic and the feelings and faiths and uncalculated actions which make life human. Essentially, Mr. Rice's play is an engrossing and moving study, and often an illuminating study, of today's bitterly confusing world.

The play is too much broken into little stories, often told under unconvincing circumstances, although the stories themselves are moving and convincing. It waxes and wanes in intensity and never achieves mounting force. The plot is comparatively trivial and the young wife, emotionally the central character, is the weakest and least persuasive of the Clipper's passengers. Compared with such a steadily cumulative drama as Rice's long-ago "Street Scene," "Flight to the West" represents inept playwriting.

Among the actors Hugh Marlowe is excellent as the young husband and Paul Hernried is curtly effective as the Nazi. Boris Marshalov plays the spy with amusing ingenuity and Arnold Moss does a fine job as the elder liberal. Eleonora Mendelssohn and Lydia St. Clair play afflicted women movingly. Betty Field, however, is sweetly monotonous as the young wife, enhancing the ineffectiveness of the part.

It would be fine if "Flight to the West" were perfect. But whatever its imperfections, it is emphatically a play to see.

"Flight to the West"

Reprinted from NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, *December 31, 1940*

Flight to the West
New Propaganda Play

By SIDNEY B. WHIPPLE

ELMER RICE has written a new propaganda play that seems to have been compounded out of the writings of Dorothy Thompson, Franklin D. Roosevelt and William Allen White on the one hand and the Apocalypse of the Third Reich, Mein Kampf, on the other. This, as you may well imagine, is no equal contest, and the Americans win the debate without much opposition. Nazism is, after all, a pushover.

Mr. Rice's argument was staged by the Playwrights' Co. last night at the Guild Theater under the title Flight to the West as their second offering of the season by a cast of players who were rather more alive than the play itself.

The audience and I agreed, in the main, with nearly all of Mr. Rice's arguments. He is making certain declarations of principle, among them that the Nazi philosophy is a cruel, insane manifestation which will crush civilization unless it is checked; that it can be checked only by Britain and America plus the remnants of those nations Hitler has persecuted and enslaved, and that America is the last bulwark of liberty.

Unfortunately for Mr. Rice's play, we have heard all this before. As a result Flight to the West becomes as obvious as a speech at a political rally. It is not provocative of thought, although it may stir some emotions.

• • •

Jo Mielziner has staged a beautiful setting for Mr. Rice's debate. It is the cross section of a transatlantic clipper, complete with lounges, retiring rooms and a full set of flying officers, who seem to be taciturn but efficient sea dogs. Into this ship Mr. Rice pours the symbols of conflict—a Nazi diplomat on his way to Washington and accompanied by a fellow spy; a young American Jew and his Aryan wife; a woman refugee from Germany; a man blinded by a bomb in Belgium, his maimed daughter and his almost demented wife; an American oil magnate who is all for appeasement; an American philosopher returning from Germany who is against appeasement, and an American newspaper woman who is Dorothy Thompson to the core, and who succeeds only too easily in unmasking the spy and the diplomat.

The questions Mr. Rice asks are these: Shall the young Jewish husband take up arms in defense of America despite his married status, the wishes of his wife and the fact that he is about to become a father? And shall the young wife bear a child into such a sorry world as this? Mr. Rice answers both questions affirmatively. Then he emphasizes the nobility of the humanitarian mind as opposed to the regimented Nazi mentality by having the Jew step in front of a bullet intended for the diplomat.

• • •

A splendid cast deliver these wordy commentaries intelligently and convincingly, a tribute to Mr. Rice's able direction, and it must be said for Flight to the West that during most of its seven scenes there is an atmosphere of reality. And six or seven characterizations are worthy of special praise.

Miss Betty Field has come a long way since she was one of George Abbott's comedy fledglings. Hollywood seems not to have spoiled her direct, simple style of acting.

Flight to the West, however, wins its fight before it has scarcely begun, and the easy victory is not sufficiently stimulating to make it the extraordinay drama we had hoped for.

'FLIGHT TO THE WEST.'

A play in three acts by Elmer Rice. Staged by the author. Designed by Jo Mielziner. Presented at the Guild Theater on December 30, 1940, by the Playwright's Company. The cast:

Richard Banning.....Kevin McCarthy
1st Portuguese Mechanic...Ralph Benson
2nd Portuguese Mechanic...Melvin Gates
August Himmelreich.....Rudolf Weiss
Thomas Hickey.....Paul Mann
Edmund Dickensen.....Don Nevins
Marie Dickensen.....Lydia St. Clair
Lisette Dickensen.....Helen Renee
Louise Frayne.....Constance McKay
Col. Archibald Gage.....James Seeley
Count Paul Vasilich Vronoff, Boris Marshalov
Frau Clara Rosenthal, Eleonora Mendelssohn
Dr. Herman Walther.....Paul Hernried
Howard Ingraham.....Arnold Moss
Hope Talcott Nathan.....Betty Field
Charles Nathan.....Hugh Marlowe
Capt. George McNab.....Karl Malden
Capt. Arthur Hawkes....Grandon Rhodes
1st Corporal.....John Triggs
2nd Corporal.....Harald Dyrenforth

Reprinted from NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, *December 31, 1940*

Journey by Clipper

By RICHARD WATTS, JR.

IT IS good to listen to a play once more that talks about something of contemporary import, and feels passionately about it. The so-called escapist works can be cheering to all of us, but in these times of tremendous world drama it isn't well for any artistic medium to remain too securely in its cloister. Elmer Rice's "Flight to the West" is seriously concerned with the state of the universe, with the problems of Fascism, liberalism, appeasement, isolation and race injustice, with the immediate exigencies of war and peace. The author is grim and clear-eyed and in deadly earnest about them, and, although his play has a certain monotony about it and not all the eloquence that might have been hoped for, it is almost steadily interesting and occasionally quite moving. In addition, it is excellently played by an admirable cast, and its mind and emotions are healthy and forthright. Put it down as a welcome and effective piece of dramatic journalism.

• • •

For the purposes of his dramatized editorial, Mr. Rice takes us aboard a trans-Atlantic clipper bound from Lisbon to New York in the days immediately following the collapse of France. His passengers are the assorted lot that the melodramatic actualities of wartime Europe make tragically plausible in the theater these days—a young American of partially Jewish blood and his non-Jewish wife, a sardonic Nazi diplomat, a Russian who is a German spy, a wealthy Texas oil man, a thoughtful and bemused liberal author and a group of refugees, maimed in either body or spirit. Save for a spurt of gunplay in the last act, the narrative is without much action or excitement, and Mr. Rice is chiefly interested in the mental and emotional states of his characters and their reactions to the torrential course of history and the destiny that has flung them together. All of them have their say at considerable length, and I do not think that the playwright has been unfair to any of them. If the Nazi diplomat is unsympathetically studied and his sentiments seem the savage outpourings of a maniacal child then you must blame Nazi philosophy and not Elmer Rice.

• • •

Of all the characters in the play, my conviction is that the most interesting and sinister is not the diplomat or the spy but the hearty Texas business man. He is the sort of homespun fellow who fancies himself as the best of Americans and yet he is the one whose entire conduct gives the most aid and comfort to Fascism. He has met Hitler and Mussolini and Goering and Franco and he has found them regular fellows, just folks, and although, of course, he doesn't believe in all their ideas he does feel sure we could learn a lot from them and could at least do business with their countries. Mr. Rice understands him completely and he has pilloried him with skill and understatement. The other characters seem to me slightly more obviously of the theater, but they are proper mediums for the expression of the ideas that the author wanted to discuss. It is the liberal writer who in the one truly eloquent speech of the play expresses the author's conviction, which, I may say, is not for head-in-the-sand isolation or appeasement. He feels, too, that the Nazi savagery is the reason for believing in eventual Nazi disaster, since the destruction of decent emotions is a sure way to self-destruction. Like Mr. Sherwood, his fellow member of the Playwrights' Company, Mr. Rice still is an optimist.

• • •

The setting of the interior of the clipper, as designed by Jo Mielziner, is realistic and effective, even though it seems that the Atlantic planes take off from the water much quicker than do any of those in which I ever crossed the Pacific. And the acting is of enormous help. That fine actor, Arnold Moss, plays with particular skill the liberal who is the author's mouthpiece, and Paul Hernried, who is likewise playing a Nazi villain in the current British film, "Night Train," is especially effective as the German diplomat. Miss Betty Field gives her usual attractive and sympathetic performance as the wife, who wonders whether she should bring a Jewish baby into the world, and Hugh Marlowe is excellent as her troubled husband. Every one in the cast deserves commendation, but there should be a particular word for Miss Lydia St. Clair as an embittered Belgian refugee, for little Miss Helen Renee as her maimed child, for Miss Eleonora Mendelssohn as a German Jewish victim of oppression, for Karl Malden as the skipper of the plane and, especially, for James Seeley as the oil man. "Flight to the West" is welcomely topical.

"Flight to the West"

Reprinted from NEW YORK POST, *December 31, 1940*

"Flight to the West" Staged at the Guild

By JOHN MASON BROWN

ALTHOUGH a stolen pistol is fired, a passenger is wounded, a Nazi secret agent is taken into custody at Bermuda, and a man attached to the German Embassy in Washington gets into awkward difficulties as the clipper journeys from Lisbon to New York in Elmer Rice's new play, there are many moments when "Flight to the West" seems more like a "Town Meeting of the Air" than a drama.

If his latest work is loosely articulated as a play, it nonetheless holds the interest as a discussion group.. Frankly it gives wings to a debating society, lifting its members to what is physically at any rate a new altitude. For in "Flight to the West" what Mr. Rice has done is to take advantage of a novel setting to lend novelty to what is familiar in his practice.

It is not the first time Mr. Rice has turned a trans-Atlantic crossing into a forum for the contrary-minded. When last he did so his platform was a huge ocean liner and his Public Address System a far less satisfactory script known as "Between Two Worlds." Although his types are once again suspended and self-declared between continents in "Flight to the West," they benefit at present from wearing labels which events have printed in larger letters. They are representatives of a crisis which nowadays is in the bloodstream of everyone's living.

A Troubled World

The modern world, its hatreds and its tragedies, its conflicting hopes and ideologies are Mr. Rice's concern backstage even as they are ours out front. His self-appointed task as a dramatist has been to find individuals who could represent them and make them vocal. A Nazi diplomat, a secret agent for Germany, traveling with a forged British passport, a Texas oil man who talks democracy but is subconsciously a Nazi, a pathetic Belgian mother who is half-crazed by the sufferings she has undergone, her blinded husband, their little girl who has lost one arm, a Jewish woman who has been exposed to the horrors of racial intolerance, two American liberals—an older man and a woman journalist, and a fine young American Jew, married to a Christian girl who is carrying his child and dreams of what she thinks will be the peace of the United States after the anguishes of Europe—these are the passengers Mr. Rice has assembled to speak for the dissensions and the pains of the contemporary world.

In presenting their points of view and stating his own faith in a greater democracy, Mr. Rice is more often sustained by the unavoidable interest of his subject matter than he is by the dramatic merits of his writing. His play, in spite of its welcome moments of grease-paint tension, may be for the most part unwritten as a play. It may consist largely of a long series of conversations in which autobiographical misfortunes or opposing political faiths are aired above the strangely hushed roar of an airplane's motors. Still one listens to the talk, not because much which is new is said, but because we all know that our living, no less than the living of those who are speaking, is involved in the conflict.

Mr. Rice may have forgotten to dramatize the issues in "Flight to the West." Yet even when he states them bluntly as a debater he shows that he is an intelligent and sensitive man, awakened to the dilemmas and distresses of the present. His choice as a believer in democracy happens to be the sanity of instinctive action rather than the madness to which cold reason can lead when pushed too far.

As a director Mr. Rice is in better form theatrically in this production by the Playwrights' Company at the Guild than he is as a dramatist. Mr. Mielziner has supplied "Flight to the West" with a tempting enlargement of a cross-section of the clipper. And a large cast is almost uniformly good. Although Betty Field seems somewhat lost as the young wife, Hugh Marlowe is admirable as her Jewish husband, Constance McKay does an unforgettable bit as the half-crazed Belgian woman. And Paul Hernried, James Seeley and Boris Marshalov are excellent as the suave German diplomat, the oil man from Texas, and the Nazi secret agent. The evening's outstanding performance, however, is the gloriously restrained and moving one given by Eleonora Mendelssohn as the older Jewess, who has faced the brutalities of racial hatreds.

It would be pleasant to be able to report on the whole of "Flight to the West" in the glowing terms which must be used when writing of Miss Mendelssohn. But the simple truth is that, though Mr. Rice's new play holds the attention, it creates no real enthusiasm.

Reprinted from NEW YORK TIMES, *December 31, 1940*

Elmer Rice's 'Flight to the West' Dramatizes the Passenger List of an Atlantic Clipper

By BROOKS ATKINSON

ELMER RICE has written one of his most stirring dramas. "Flight to the West" he calls it. Under management of the Playwrights' Company, it was acted at the Guild Theatre last evening. Assembling a number of passengers that represent several nationalities, he is flying them in a transatlantic clipper from Lisbon to New York, giving them plenty of time to talk, and stinging their conclusions with melodrama. The talk is plain and blunt, such as you have heard and read for at least two years; and the melodrama is not particularly inventive.

But the effect is remarkably absorbing, for the talk tells some of the bitter truths of today against the sounding board of reality. Out of the newspapers and radio, it takes concrete shape before your eyes. As his own director, Mr. Rice has cast the play brilliantly. The acting is as straightforward as the talk. Mr. Rice has a good mind, passionate convictions and complete knowledge of the theatre, and "Flight to the West" is the most absorbing American drama of the season.

• • •

The choice of characters is almost inevitable for a play about current affairs—a newly married American couple, an American oil merchant, an American intellectual, an American columnist (female according to current fashion), a Jewish emigrée, a crumpled family of Belgians, a Russian professor, a Nazi diplomat bound for Washington. Coop them for two days and night inside a fleet airplane and you can forecast what they will say. Except for the conclusions, which rationalize Mr. Rice's loyalties today, he does not wander far from the familiar topics of the hour. The Belgian woman recounts the mournful story of the terror of invasion, and the Jewish lady relates the dark things that have gathered in her heart.

But when you see them embodied in the tragic acting of Lydia St. Clair and Eleonora Mendelssohn and hear them on tired voices, they acquire a personal anguish that is profoundly moving. The debates between the imperious Nazi diplomat and the other hostile passengers strike fire. For Mr. Rice has reduced the intellectual conflict to sharp and cutting words and he has also given the Nazi diplomat the courage of his convictions. Dr. Hermann Walther is the villain of this melodrama, but still a man of strength and logic. When the test comes he is ruffled, but Mr. Rice has left his character intact behind the icy veneer of his philosophy.

• • •

The part is played with pitiless clarity by Paul Hernried, who acted in Vienna until the Nazi influence spread too fast for him. His acting is brilliant, without a soft spot anywhere. But it is impossible to find any one in the cast who does not measure up to the opportunities "Flight to the West" provides. Betty Fields's glowing young American wife and Hugh Marlowe's young man, anxious about the chaos of the moment, give the play recognizable humanity. Arnold Moss, an actor of growing strength and flexibility, creates a vibrant character as the contemplative intellectual. Constance McKay as the sententious columnist, Boris Marshalov as the Russian traveler, James Seeley as the oil merchant, Kevin McCarthy and Karl Malden as chief members of the crew—act with color and conviction.

But it is no reflection on the other members of the cast to observe that the European actors play with special insight. Miss Mendelssohn, Miss St. Clair and Mr. Hernried know the human agony that lies under the simple vigor of Mr. Rice's dialogue. They know what it means. Against Jo Mielziner's immaculately modern setting, they raise "Flight to the West" out of journalism into personal drama. Mr. Rice has given shape and rhythm to the sprawling picture of life today. "Flight to the West" ranks with "Street Scene" as his best work.

"The Flying Gerardos"

Reprinted from NEW YORK TIMES, *December 30, 1940*

Florence Reed Acts Mother of a Trapeze Troupe in Nicholson's and Robinson's 'Flying Gerardos'

By BROOKS ATKINSON

LET a graduate student fall in love with a trapeze artiste and, willynilly, you have "The Flying Gerardos," which was put on at the Playhouse last evening.

It is the joint product of two writers who frequently turn up with pungent ideas—Kenyon Nicholson, who wrote "The Barker" and "Dance Night," and Charles Robinson, who collaborated with Mr. Nicholson on "Sailor, Beware!" and "Swing Your Lady," which was the romance of a female blacksmith. For the present, we will forget Mr. Robinson's ode to a bawdy-house, "Mahogany Hall."

There is something especially inviting about the notion of a dusty-lunged college grind taking up with a circus act, and most people in last evening's audience appeared to be satisfied with the treatment Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Robinson have bestowed on it. But this vigilant department, tossing with professional discontent, felt that the authors had nothing beyond the idea to contribute. If they could create characters with some of the energy they squander on the scribbling of stock parts, they might send their idea flying through the air with raciness and enthusiasm.

* * *

Granted that it is funny to see how the Gerardo troupe recoils in horor from the thought of education. When Donna is discovered hiding "The Story of Mankind" in bed, uttering stray bits of knowledge and going to museums and lectures with Bill Wentworth of Columbia's graduate school, the Gerardos behave as though smallpox had broken out in their dormitory. That is funny, as acted against a background of circus tights and an occasional cartwheel. The authors also make a good point when they explain that a hollow-chested student is no proper match for a well-developed trapeze artiste, who, incidentally, confesses, to her shame, that she has never had a headache in her life.

But, like stock writers, the authors let it go at that. What "The Flying Gerardos" needs is a little imagination in the portrait of the student. The conflict of mind and body might yield wholesome comedy if the mind were half as lively as the body with which it has fallen in love. But Bill Wentworth is a nitwit; he could never fascinate a librarian, let alone a lady of the trapeses, and his response to snubs and plain talk is less than human. Moreover, the humor of big words and recondite allusions in the presence of uneducated people is about the flattest humor in the writing craft. When they want to be particularly hilarious Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Robinson quote Darwin's definition of the origin of species.

* * *

Mechanically written, "The Flying Gerardos" is mechanically directed. As the head of the troupe, Florence Reed pounds vigorously through the part like a croaky-voiced harridan. Since that is the way the part is written, she plays it straight. Lois Hall acts the part of the trapeze girl with the awakened mind and acts it pleasantly enough for the occasion. As the mental colossus, Richard Mackay apparently does what he has been told to do, but a different choice in casting might have improved the play. This department's enthusiasm goes out principally to Harlan Briggs, whose folksy, big-mouthed hoax doctor has genuine flavor. His acting is what "The Flying Gerardos" might be if it were not what it is, only better.

'THE FLYING GERARDOS'

A play in two acts by Kenyon Nicholson and Charles Robinson; directed by Mr. Nicholson; designed by Horton O'Neil; presented on December 29, 1940, at the Playhouse by Edward Choate. The cast:

Doc Vermillion	Harlan Briggs
Art	Jack Sheehan
Opal	Josephine Evans
Donna	Lois Hall
Ozzie	John Call
Eadie	Darthy Hinkley
Pearl	Iris Whitney
Chick	Lyle Hettger
Hassan	James Marriott
Mama	Florence Reed
William Wentworth	Richard Mackay
Mrs. Wentworth	Suzanne Jackson
Dr. Jellicoe	Charles Francis

Reprinted from NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, *December 30, 1940*

Love Gets Under the Big Top And Irks 'The Flying Gerardos'

"The Flying Gerardos," comedy by Kenyon Nicholson and Charles Robinson. Produced by Edward Choate at the Playhouse, New York, Dec. 29, 1940.

★ ★+

By BURNS MANTLE

SEEMS to me I recall reading that Kenyon Nicholson, sometime professor of the drama at Columbia University, took a few weeks off last Summer and went travelling with a circus in search of atmosphere for the comedy called "The Flying Gerardos."

Or perhaps it was Charles Robinson, his collaborator. In any event there is a good deal of what you might call affectionate realism in the comedy as it is staged by Mr. Nicholson, and was offered at the Playhouse last night.

It was not always effective realism. It is pretty hard to take a group of actors, Equity or mongrel, put them into tights, provide them with a circus vocabulary and expect them either to look the part or develop a complete authenticity.

But it is an amusing and interesting attempt at a realism that is comparatively novel on the stage. Somebody else did try a similar stunt in a piece called "Off to Buffalo," with Joe Cook. But that concerned a house full of vaudevillians in Jersey.

"The Flying Gerardos" stems from an interesting idea: the contrast of physical perfection and complacent illiteracy with a high mentality housed in a frail physique.

Donna, the baby Gerardo, discovers in her late teens that she doesn't know anything but the triple twist, or some other highly spectacular flight through the air. She feels an urge for knowledge.

Accidentaly she meets William Wentworth, who is cramming for his Doctor's at Columbia. William's erudition both awes and fascinates her. She nurses the acquaintance. Even introduces William to the other Gerardos.

Fair Evening

There are seven of them and all seven are proud of never having cracked a book. "Phooey!" for William, the poor shell! Mama Gerardo, who has mothered the greatest flying team in show business for years, doesn't propose to have Baby Donna ruined or the act broken up. William experiences a difficult and sometimes comic adventure.

This all provides a reasonably amusing theatre evening. Nothing to cheer about, nothing to fume about. Edward Choate, the producer, representing Trapeze Productions, Inc., has provided a good working cast, with Florence Reed assuming a red wig and a red temper as Mama Gerardo and Lois Hall fitting her appealing treble to the pleadings of Donna.

A young man from the radio drama, Richard Mackay does exceptionally well with the role of the studious William, and there are a variety of short parts well played.

It is at least a hard-working troupe. In and out of new sets of tights three or four times during the evening. The one set, a top floor Brooklyn interior, is by Horton O'Neil and well done. Last night's audience was apparently well pleased.

"The Flying Gerardos"

Reprinted from NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, *December 30, 1940*

Flying Gerardos Shows Life of Trapeze Artists

By SIDNEY B. WHIPPLE

THE FLYING GERARDOS, a new play by Kenyon Nicholson and Charles Robinson, which provided New York with its first Sunday night opening, tells all about the curiously restricted life that is led by trapeze artists, their single-minded outlook on the world, their clannish loyalty to each other, and their fear, amounting to aversion, of formal education. It is scarcely complimentary to the intellectual standards of the circus performer and less so to the audience. I found it hackneyed in theme and dull in execution.

Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Robinson have attempted to write a folksy story about a quaint circus matron who owns, operates and domineers over eight aerialists of assorted sizes, ages and sexes. Her greatest problem arises, naturally, when the youngest of the girls falls in love with a bookworm out of the other world.

• • •

The conflict between brain and brawn continues through four sultry scenes until, as you guessed, the brainy outsider, whose puny physique won't permit him to swing on the trapeze, is allowed to join the show as a clown, and, presumably, wed the girl athlete.

The Gerardos, from Mama down to the baby, Donna, are all stock figures drawn from countless pieces of circus fiction. Pride is physical perfection and scorn for less gifted humanity is their chief characteristic. Their loyalty to the "family" is marked chiefly by jealousy of interlopers and dispositions that are allergic to all forms of learning, even English.

Mama, the tyrant, is played by Florence Reed, who did her best with the stereotyped role and who, to my mind, rather overdid its general "cuteness." Her make up was unbelievable—something like the bedizened old harridan of a grandma in The Primrose Path—and her speech ran the gamut from nasal Yankeeisms to hoarse colloquialisms of the big top. I am sorry to say that throughout the play I failed to see Mama Gerardo. I saw only Miss Reed in a masquerade.

Under Mr. Nicholson's direction, too, Richard Mackay who played the part of the bookish young man, was also a caricature rather than a real person, both in makeup and mannerism.

• • •

Much happier, despite the banal lines she was called upon to speak in her love scenes, was Miss Lois Hall (who last appeared as the lovely Mary Lamb in Suzanna and the Elders), and who continued to demonstrate her aptitude for the stage in what was the most believable performance of the evening.

The Gerardo boys were also well mannered and well cast. Jack Sheehan, Lyle Berger and James Marriott were helpful, and John Call, always an effective actor, turned in an excellent performance.

Reprinted from NEW YORK SUN, *December 30, 1940*

'The Flying Gerardos,' a Farce, Opens at the Playhouse

By RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

IN "The Flying Gerardos," which opened at the Playhouse last evening, a graduate student at Columbia meets and falls in love with a beautiful lady of the flying trapeze who lives in a Brooklyn boarding house full of panting aerialists. She admires his mind, but he, spurred on by slighting references to his physical equipment, resolves to become a man among he-aerialists. In spite of the slightly baffling experience undergone last evening at the Playhouse, I still think this is a pretty good idea for a farce.

Kenyon Nicholson and Charles Robinson also thought it was a pretty good idea for a farce, and "The Flying Gerardos" resulted. In it William Wentworth, who wears glasses and is working on a thesis, falls in love with Donna, who wears tights and hasn't a thought in her pretty head until she meets William. Then she gets books out of what the other Gerardos call the "libery." While she is cultivating her mind, William goes to work on his biceps. The Messrs. Nicholson and Robinson have carried the idea one step further. In their version William gets on a practice trapeze and falls off.

At this point the authors lapsed, rather disconsolately, into what appears to have been a coma. Little more occurred to them, except to have the various members of the Gerardo troupe, one after another, refer to a library as a "libery." They did achieve two reasonably good curtain lines. Mr. Nicholson, by arrestingly inept direction, managed to muffle the first completely. The second, spoken by Florence Reed, came through good and clear. But one curtain line does not make a farce.

Neither does one good idea, as "The Flying Gerardos" proves. Inventiveness, pace in writing and direction, and bite in the lines are also needed. There is nothing to say about "The Flying Gerardos," really, except that all these necessary ingredients are lacking. It is only the blueprint of a farce. How Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Robinson, who wrote "Sailor Beware" some years ago, managed to do so little this time I haven't the faintest idea.

Miss Reed has one of those floating parts, detached almost entirely from what little plot there is. She is, as always, amusing when the chance offers. So is Richard Mackay as the studious William and so, with even fewer opportunities, is Lois Hall as Donna. The rest do what is indicated, which is mighty little.

Reprinted from NEW YORK POST, *December 30, 1940*

Florence Reed Seen in "The Flying Gerardos"

By JOHN MASON BROWN

THE aerialists who supply "The Flying Gerardos" with its title and its atmosphere are a promising lot theatrically. To playwriting they introduce a new profession—colorful, proud, and rich in its possibilities. They live in a world apart, these people who fly through the air with the greatest of ease, even when they condescend to keep their feet on this one.

No earth-bound mortals can approach Kenyon Nicholson's and Charles Robinson's new comedy without having their hopes go soaring. But at the Playhouse, alas, these hopes are soon dashed to the ground with no net to catch them. Because though the authors of "The Flying Gerardos" have a proper respect for "leapers," the comedy they have written is an inadequate expression of the admiration they feel for them.

It is mainly "atmosphere" and hardly any play at all. Such a play as does emerge is a silly, inept, and far-fetched little killjoy which, while trying to be gay, is downright servile in its obedience to the law of gravity.

Wasted Material

Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Robinson are tiresomely concerned with pitting brain against brawn without giving either one of them a break. Into the Brooklyn quarters of the daring Gerardos, they send a puny graduate student from Columbia, who has awakened the mind and heart (though heaven knows why or how in either case) of the fairest girl in the Gerardos troupe. The rest of the Gerardos, especially the red-headed old Mama who manages them, have no other choice than to be disgusted with such a poor advertisement for book-learning. But finally (again for reasons best known to the authors) a satisfactory conclusion is supposedly reached when the book-worm forswears his education and is permitted to join the Gerardos under the big tent as a clown.

Although Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Robinson deserve credit for having realized the novel possibilities offered by the home-life of such professionals as the Gerardos, they merit no thanks for having wasted their characters and their atmosphere on such a play.

Florence Reed acts the red-headed Mama with energy and an unctuous appreciation of what is colorful in her speech. Lois Hall is often charming as the love-sick Donna. And Richard Mackay doubtless does everything that could be done to make the Columbia student sound less like a persuasive argument for illiteracy. But the sad truth is there is nothing that they, or the others, can do to save the comedy in which they find themselves from its grave and ever-mounting defects.

"The Flying Gerardos"

Reprinted from NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, *December 30, 1940*

Aerial Artists

By RICHARD WATTS, JR.

BEING specialists in the racier types of humanity, Messrs. Nicholson and Robinson have authority on their side when they tell us that acrobats are the salt of the earth. Theirs is a conviction about which I am in no position to argue, but it is my unhappy suspicion that the authors of the celebrated "Sailor, Beware" are not altogether persuasive on the subject in their new play, "The Flying Gerardos." Although the playwrights are obviously filled with a great affection for Mama Gerardo and their eight pupils and seem to think that their juvenile is one of the luckiest young fellows in the world when he is finally permitted to join them, it is my own feeling that these single-minded aerial artists, with their great jealousy for the honor of their profession, are less colorful than they should be and by no means as likable as the dramatists wanted to make them. Undoubtedly they are fine people with an innocent directness that should be admirable, but it is my guess that there is more than a touch of dullness about them, too.

* * *

"The Flying Gerardos" is the love story of the youngest and prettiest of the acrobats (although the playwrights tell us that we shouldn't call them acrobats, but "leapers"). She, it seems, fell in love with a bookworm and when Mama found it out she was fit to be tied, or thereabouts. If Donna dared to marry this ridiculous young interloper she would be committing an act of betrayal. So Mama and the other Gerardos set out to break up the prospective match, only to pesuade the weakling invader of their home that he, too, wanted to become a Gerardo. Since poor Donna had grown to hate professional athletes and to have a crush on things of the mind the fact that she isn't able to get away from the circus after all, but must see even her husband, who was to rescue her, becoming the clown of the act, it strikes me that, for her, the new play lacks a happy ending. My own objection, though, is that, where the characters and the dialogue should have been warm and racy and the situation filled with comic invention, "The Flying Gerardos" is thin, flat and comparatively colorless in its people, its talk and its events. Even a bit of trapeze work doesn't enliven it sufficiently.

* * *

The cast, however, is not only expert but active. Miss Florence Reed doesn't have to perform on a trapeze, but she does have to be very picturesque and colorful in her perhaps slightly strident impersonation of Mama Gerardo. Richard Mackay not only takes his tossing around by the Gerardos with considerable aplomb but manages to be sympathetic and not too extreme in his characterization of the youthful intellectual who wants to join the circus. But, as has already happened this season, the best performance in the cast is the one contributed by that excellent young actress, Miss Lois Hall, as the Gerardo who wanted to get away from the act and ended by marrying the new member of it. The futility of her effort to escape somehow reminded me of the hopeless fashion in which those Chekov characters used to try to get away to Moscow. Harlan Briggs is good as a friendly veterinary, and the other players are satisfactory. But I still think that "The Flying Gerados" could have done with more comic invention and less bathroom humor.

"All in Fun"

Reprinted from NEW YORK SUN, *December 28, 1940*

'All in Fun,' With Bill Robinson, Is Offered at the Majestic

By RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

MOST of the customary revue capers are run through with the usual enthusiasm during "All in Fun," which opened last evening at the Majestic. Songs are loudly sung and several of the specialty dancers leap to undue heights. Bill Robinson taps, which is always a good thing. Imogene Coca rolls her eyes and enjoys rages worthy of Donald Duck. Pert Kelton sings and mimics. People act out most of the accredited jokes. There is a South American dance number.

These are standard ingredients. Mr. Robinson, in his field, is practically the standard ingredient. Miss Coca has never worked more diligently nor Miss Kelton looked more charming. Wynn Murray, thinned down almost to a wraith, sings at the top of her lungs. Red Marshall clowns eagerly and Paul Gerrits, although his name is printed in small type in the program, is dryly funny. His "Neurosis Peddler," indeed, is about the funniest thing in "All in Fun." Pretty girls, often in reasonably attractive costumes, dance all over the place. It is out of things like this that they make good revues.

But out of these things they didn't make a good revue at the Majestic. They made a first act almost completely vacuous and a second which, while better, isn't enough better to be of much use. The second act has an amusing sketch by Charles Sherman called "A Matter of Principle" and an all right song called "How Did It Get So Late." It has one of Mr. Robinson's dances up and down steps. And in it Mr. Gerrits, who has a variety of accomplishments, roller skates handsomely. But most of the rest of it is definitely sub-routine.

The reason for this, if it is a mystery to anybody, is that the material is, by and large, subnormal. The best performers in the world—and, with all due respect, Miss Coca, Miss Kelton, Miss Murray and their associates aren't that—can't entertain merely by coming on and making noises. Most of the sketches are flat; few of the songs have more than vigor to recommend them. The dances are staged with a minimum of imagination. Almost nothing is as good as it ought to be. "All in Fun" seldom rises above, and by no means always attains, mediocrity.

'ALL IN FUN'

A revue in two acts; sketches by Virginia Faulkner, Charles Sherman and Everett Marcy; music and lyrics by Marjery Fielding, June Sillman, John Rox, Will Irwin and S. K. Russel; dances by Marjery Fielding; settings by Edward Gilbert; costumes by Irene Sharaff; staged by Leonard Sillman; additional direction by John Murray Anderson; presented by Mr. Sillman at the Majestic Theater on December 27, 1940. In the cast are Bill Robinson, Imogene Coca, Pert Kelton, Wynn Murray, Red Marshall, Marie Nash, Paul Gerrits, David Morris, Don Loper, Maxine Barrat and others.

"All in Fun"

Reprinted from NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, *December 28, 1940*

Dancing Features All in Fun Revue

Bill Robinson's Artistry Pleases, Comedians Work Hard for Laughs

By SIDNEY B. WHIPPLE

ALTHOUGH Leonard Sillman's revue, All In Fun, boasts such stars as the eminent Bill Robinson, Imogene Coca and Pert Kelton, a few tuneful melodies and an adequate amount of fast, intricate and acrobatic dancing, it is the dullest musical entertainment to land—flat—on Broadway this season.

The singers and dancers, including Mr. Robinson, do their best. Bojangles is still the ranking tap dancer of the world, to my eyes, and he makes, as always, an absorbing picture whenever he is on the stage. Mr. Sillman's comedians work hard for laughs. Miss Coca strains herself to put over the type of burlesque dancing for which she is so well known. But between these oases of amusing moments come long, arid, desert lands through which the show and the audience wearily plod.

One of the faults of All In Fun is that it is too long—even if it were good. It is certainly too long by four or five sketches, which seem to have originated, as one of the lobby commentators remarked, in that famous compendium of jokes, the Arkansas Traveler.

A feeble attempt was made to satirize a famous woman columnist, with the results that can be put down as distressing—a mild word in this case for one of the silliest and most distasteful sketches that was ever introduced in an adult show. Miss Coca and an enthusiastic comedian named Red Marshall, who recently graduated from burlesque, attempted a derelict sketch that developed into the scream-and-stomp school of humor, and Mr. Marshall, Miss Kelton and Marie Nash engaged in a sleeping car scene that was popular on the Columbia wheel, I believe, in the year Mr. Pullman invented his palace car.

I was sorry to see Mr. Robinson in such company, for his own particular artistry remains unimpaired, his personality still shines through his dull surroundings, and his dance routines continue to have magnificent variety in their improvisation. As for Miss Coca, she should stay away from everything except those classic dance burlesques she does so well.

Virginia Faulkner, Charles Sherman and Everett Marcy must take the blame for the sketches. The music and lyrics, which are mediocre, were by Baldwin Bergerson, June Sillman and John Rox—although I will make an exception in the case of the song, How Did It Get Late So Early (music by Will Irwin and lyric by Miss Sillman), and April in Harrisburg, by Mr. Bergerson and Miss Faulkner.

Mr. Sillman has had a lot of hard luck with this revue. I admire his courage more than his judgment in presenting it to Broadway in competition with the standards set by such musicals as Panama Hattie, Cabin in the Sky and Pal Joey.

Reprinted from NEW YORK POST, *December 28, 1940*

Bill Robinson Seen In "All in Fun"

By JOHN MASON BROWN

IN SPITE of the fact that the great Bill Robinson appears in it from time to time, "All in Fun" is a revue which has a precious little fun to offer. The fault is not Bojangles'. He struts and taps with his customary skill. But in the grim proceedings at the Majestic he counts for no more than a pleasant traveler who is lost in a desert.

In addition to Mr. Robinson, Leonard Sillman's new revue can claim its other performers who threaten at rare moments to keep it from being a bore. One of these is Imogene Coca who, after doing little with much bad material, at last awakens to scamper tellingly with William Archibald through such a spoof ballet as "Morning After of a Faun." Then there is Paul Gerrits who, on roller skates or before the curtain, proves promising. And finally there is Red Marshall, a rowdy burlesque *cum laude*, who is often funny and never funnier than in the lunch counter wrangle called "A Matter of Principle," which is the evening's one really funny sketch.

At this point the fun of "All in Fun" comes to an abrupt end. It is hard, for example, to muster anything but a reduced enthusiasm for the singing of the new sylph-like Wynn Murray. And Pert Kelton is a performer whose work leaves this reviewer, at any rate, going around in only Arctic circles.

Unfortunately the troubles — the many troubles—Mr. Sillman has had with his new show on the road have not ended out-of-town or with Mr. Silliman. His New York audiences now share them with him. What they are asked to sit before at the Majestic is a sprawling vaudeville bill, put together without wit, dash, or point. Although the production is elaborate, most of its settings are impressive and the costumes are often downright ugly.

Among the new "lows" for many years to be established last night in a musical permit me to nominate the skit in which Miss Kelton burlesques Dorothy Thompson under the name of Dorothy Tom-Tom; almost any of the sentimental duets wished off on Marie Nash and Walter Cassel; and something known as "April in Harrisburg," which is enough to cause Pennsylvania to secede from the Union.

Reprinted from NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE, *December 28, 1940*

Cheerless Note

By RICHARD WATTS, JR.

OBVIOUSLY it couldn't last. Three satisfying first nights in a row were as much as the most optimistic playgoer could hope for. It does seem a shame, though, that the anti-climax has to be as complete as it turns out to be in "All in Fun." Any revue with Bill Robinson as the star has a good head start towards popularity, but the new show that the indefatigable Leonard Sillman has brought to town is a singularly dull and unappetizing musical carnival that lacks gayety, humor, excitement and beauty. Everyone works earnestly and from time to time a good number raises its astonished head, but the entire production has a sad and lack-luster air about it, and the news from the Majestic Theater must be highly unseasonable. Bill Robinson still is the most delightful of tap dancers and every time he appears things have a way of looking up. But probably only W. C. Fields could make "All in Fun" proper entertainment.

• • •

Since the new revue most decidedly doesn't possess W. C. Fields, most of the comedy is in the hands of one Red Marshall. This Red Marshall is a hearty veteran of burlesque, that best of training grounds for comics, and, according to the program, he is known as a comedian's comedian. Given the one funny sketch in "All in Fun," a properly riotous number about life in a lunch wagon, Mr. Marshall can be rowdily hilarious, but most of the time his material is so sorry and the gentleman from burlesque has to labor so strenuously that I, for one, must still remain in doubt about his status as a major clown. At least it must be said for him that he is not one to spare his own body. And certainly he is a great major league performer compared to the hard-working but less than exhilarating Miss Imogene Coca and the unhilariously unrefined Miss Pert Kelton. Most of the sketches are by Miss Virginia Faulkner, and they almost heroically refrain from being amusing.

• • •

"All in Fun" has a talented performer in Paul Gerrits, a skillful roller skater, a personable master of ceremonies and a likable light comedian. In the one good number by Miss Faulkner, Mr. Gerrits analyses the antics of nervous people at the luncheon table with considerable effectiveness. Miss Coca, although I am afraid she is more industrious than brilliant, is effective in at least one episode, the one wherein she and a group of young men manage to burlesque a thing that almost defies burlesque, the serious-minded Machine Age ballet. Then, too, as I have said, the great Mr. Robinson is a comfort to all of us every time he appears. But there is very little else of good cheer to say about "All in Fun." Miss Wynn Murray, who has lost a lot of weight and much of her stage effectiveness since she was last seen in this vicinity, and Miss Marie Nash do what they can to carry on the romantic numbers, and every one from the song writers to the specialty dancers work with admirable determination, but the week in the theater ended before "All in Fun" opened.

"All in Fun"

Reprinted from NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, *December 28, 1940*

"All in Fun" Is an Old Style Revue, Rough and Burlesquey

"All in Fun," musical revue assembled by Leonard Sillman, music and lyrics by Baldwin Bergersen, June Sillman, John Rox and others. Produced by Mr. Sillman at the Majestic Theatre, New York, Dec. 27, 1940.

★ ★+

By BURNS MANTLE

YOU can feel a little sorry for Leonard Sillman about this one. He, as chief assembler and producer, has fussed with it so long that all former musical revue standards on Broadway have passed him by. "All in Fun" is definitely Grade B.

A spotty Grade B, however. Bill Robinson is in it, and though Bill is not shown off to advantage, when he does his stuff much is forgiven. Bill, however, is also handicapped. He set himself new standards with "The Hot Mikado." I am afraid he cannot go all the way back to the old act successfully.

Wynn Murray is in it. You can feel a little sorry for Wynn, too, while you are about it. You may remember her, first as the roly-poly heroine of "Babes in Arms" who made "Johnny One-Note" the song hit of its season. And last Summer as the still plump impersonator of Lillian Russell in "The American Jubilee" at the World's Fair.

It Melted

Well, Wynn became distressed about her plumpness and took to dieting. Now, she is slim and pretty, but, unhappily, some of the old Murray charm has been ploughed off with the flesh, and the husky voice hasn't profited from the summer's open air work.

Imogene Coca is also present. She is one of Mr. Sillman's standbys, and she never lets him down. She has two or three burlesque ballets, a little rougher than her older numbers, but still good fun.

A newcomer is Red Marshall, a veteran of the burlesque wheels. A funny fellow, too, who should have come over years ago, when the rougher skits were novel. He still wins laughs as a Pullman car rover and as a dentist's victim.

There is Paul Gerrits, and skates, and a line of amusing patter. And Pert Kelton, with the recital soprano's difficulty hoisting herself to the piano top. And Marie Nash, with understandable prima donna ambitions since she followed Marta Eggert in "Higher and Higher" a year ago.

Lot of Dancers

A bevy of dancers, too, led by Don Loper and Maxine Barrat, who give the old adagios a few new twists, or seem to. And William Archibald and Anita Alvarez, Mildred Law and Henry Dick.

Little of "All in Fun" is completely disappointing. The trouble with it is that not enough of it is as good as it should be. I understand, however, that the box office tariff is going to be scaled down from a $3.30 top. That will help to even matters with the more expensive competition.

The costuming by Irene Sharaff indicates a limited budget. The dances by Marjery Fielding a limited experience. The settings by Edward Gilbert a limited imagination. The direction by John Murray Anderson a limited choice of material with which to work.

Last night's audience seemed happy enough and became quite noisy over the better bits.

Reprinted from NEW YORK TIMES, *December 28, 1940*

Bill Robinson Starring in Leonard Sillman's Musical Revue, 'All in Fun,' at the Majestic

By BROOKS ATKINSON

TO BEGIN at the top: Bill Robinson. He is the star in Leonard Sillman's musical revue, "All in Fun," which was put on at the Majestic last evening. And no wonder, for the Hot Mikado of Harlem has tapped his dogs so long that the language they speak is music in everyone's ears. In the third number of the current potpourri Bill comes gleaming on in a white sailor suit and starts dancing like an aristocrat—his back wonderfully straight, his eyes rolling in delight, his head wagging a little from side to side and his feet tapping lightly and crisply a rhythm all his own.

Every one knows Bojangles Bill and is devoted to him, and nearly every one has seen his stair dance, which is repeated here with gaudy stage elaborations that do not improve it. But this department never ceases admiring the genius of this magnetic master of the taps who treats his feet kindly and has preserved all these years the springy step, the impeccable taste of the instinctive artist and the gusto of an honest showman. The rhythm has become so much a part of him that even when he is standing still you feel that he is dancing.

• • •

Next, let us discuss the case of Red Marshall. He is a working comedian fresh from burlesque, which is pretty funny in itself. Looking a little like a plow-boy just out of the fields, he slides in and out of the revue according to the necessity, no doubt bringing that sleeping car number right off the wheel. Burlesque used to be the school for knockabout comedians. The success of Rags Ragland in "Panama Hattie" and of Red Marshall in "All In Fun" suggests that burlesque still has its uses. For Red knows all the routines, the falls and the grimaces and he takes everything in his stride, humoring a laugh wherever he finds it. To a burlesque comic, the stuff in "All In Fun" is part of the day's work. It is also hilariously funny. Without working hard or raising his voice, Red manages to be uproarious.

• • •

This notice begins brightly with the good things in "All In Fun" because most of the show is routine according to old patterns. It reveals little talent and no freshness. An amiable young man, Paul Gerrits, roller skates with the greatest of ease, tells stories with quiet wit and gives the impression of being educated, which is both enchanting and alarming. Imogene Coca, a very funny imp, battles once more with poor material. Don Loper and Maxine Barrat dance better than you realize, and Pert Kelton does what she can with the stuff she has to play with.

But like most revues assembled from many hands, "All In Fun" is scattered and mediocre. What really breaks the heart of this department is Wynn Murray's new figure. When she first appeared on Broadway in "Babes in Arms," she was fat and cheerful—shining as though she had been scrubbed with sapolio. Her rag-time emphasis in singing and the amazing volume of her voice expressed the sunny good-humor of a fat girl. She was still that way in "American Jubilee" last Summer. But now Miss Murray has reduced to the dimensions of respectable society, and Oh, what a falling off is there! What this department used to love in Miss Murray was the genial amplitude of her figure and personality.

"Meet the People"

Reprinted from NEW YORK POST, *December 26, 1940*

"Meet the People" New Revue at the Mansfield

By WILELLA WALDORF

LAST night, just one year after it opened in Hollywood, "Meet the People" arrived on Broadway for a stay at the Mansfield Theatre. For months now stories of the excellence of the little Hollywood revue have wafted Eastward. Its popularity on the Coast remains undiminished. A second company is still playing it in the film capital.

"Meet the People" is an unpretentious, intimate show that reminds you now and then of "One for the Money" and "Two for the Show," of "The Garrick Gaieties," of "The Grand Street Follies," of the "Little Shows," of "Pins and Needles." Yes, very often of "Pins and Needles." That's going to be its chief difficulty on Broadway. It is sure to remind New York audiences of so many revues that have gone before.

Out in Hollywood it must have seemed very, very fresh and charming, smart and even clever here and there. Here it seems fresh now and then, but often stale. Charming it is off and on, only occasionally clever.

It is always refreshing to see a group of energetic, enthusiastic, youngsters having the time of their lives putting on a show. The fourteen girls and fourteen boys who dance and sing and play sketches, and also act as chorus on occasion are a merry crew, and four or five of them give every indication of fresh, original talent.

And although the revue was first staged on the Coast for the purpose of calling to the attention of cinema moguls some aspirants for film honors ignored by the studios, the company does not present the brassy, world-weary front of screen "starlets." For the most part, the people you are meeting are pleasant people.

The Union Motif

"Meet the People" goes in for politics less than did "Pins and Needles," the garment workers' revue, but it insists rather strenuously on the Union Card. Unfortunately, very few of its songs or sketches in this style are up to the standard in satire or humor of the last and best edition of the garment workers' show. Best of the numbers in this genre is a song called "The Same Old South" in which a couple of gentlemen sing a salute to dear old Dixieland in the sentimental fashion of the old minstrel shows, with blistering lyrics picturing the South as a land of lynching, child labor and Negro degradation.

In the less socially conscious manner, one of the merrier presentations is "Let's Steal a Tune From Offenbach," in which a composer named Sigmund (no last name mentioned) is urged by Chopin, Beethoven, Tchaikowsky, Dubussy and Ravel to lift something from Offenbach for a change. The Offenbach music that is accordingly stolen is not as well sung as it ought to be, but the number nevertheless is a high-light of the performance.

A young man named Jack Gilford proved very amusing in sketches involving a movie patron (complete with Milt Gross gadget of the Goldberg-Joe Cook school), and also as a man named Smith who has his dreams analyzed by a psychiatrist. An incredible looking fellow, well named Doodles Weaver, was funny as a radio announcer describing a race on the Indianapolis speedway, and had moments imitating President Roosevelt, but his number involving millions of rabbits was too much of a poor thing.

Elizabeth Talbot-Martin had her inning as a dance caricaturist, and no doubt her impersonations of Hepburn, Garbo, Aimee Semple McPherson and Mrs. Roosevelt were good, but we have seen all the mimicry we can stand for this century. Marion Colby had the misfortune to draw the assignment of doing a dead-pan nightclub singer version of some of the hit songs. Virginia O'Brien, who did it first on the Coast, was brought here last season by the Shuberts in "Keep Off the Grass." It's no novelty any more.

The others helped out here and there. Michael Doyle displayed a good baritone voice, Josephine Del Mar had her South American way with one of those hot tamale numbers and Nanette Fabares did a coloratura struggling with Verdi, indicating that she might have quite a nice coloratura of her own aside from the comedy. A number of the songs are tuneful and pleasant.

Altogether it's a brisk little revue, recommended to the not over-fussy, and to those who haven't seen too many Broadway revues in the past. A program note said: "Any similarity between the order of the program and what you see on the stage is purely accidental." They don't take their show too seriously, thank Heaven.

Reprinted from NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, *December 26, 1940*

West Coast Revue Has Good Songs, Clever Skits and Youth

"Meet The People," revue staged by Danny Dare with Jay Gorney; music and lyrics by Henry Myers. Produced by the Hollywood Theatre Alliance at the Mansfield Theatre, Dec. 25, 1940.

★ ★+

By ROBERT SYLVESTER

FOR about one hour at the Mansfield, last night, it looked as though Hollywood had sent us something to make up for those recent comedies. The sketches and the dances and the specialties in "Meet The People," a new revue, were clicking with precision and dispatch and you found yourself sitting at strict attention.

But somewhere before intermission the satiric little revue done by Hollywood's Theatre Alliance, which came here with such sparkling advance notices, had to bog down. Maybe because we had so much "Pins and Needles" to compare it with, maybe because the frustration of American youth is currently overshadowed by more harrowing things, and maybe just because Buddy De Sylva came back from the West Coast a year ago with the musical shows he came back with.

There's a young comedian named Jack Gilford who is excellent as a sleepy listener at a union rally, a girl named Elizabeth Talbot-Martin with unique comic impressions, a Marion Colby to do the surefire trick of dead-pan singing which Virginia O'Brien brought here first, and capable and pretty singers and dancers. But there are also some pretty flimsy specialty entertainers. Every once in a while, too, the good comrades must try something which sounds like a Daily Worker editorial set to music.

The Alliance is an organization of young entertainers and solid, experienced writers and directors. Thus the material is almost always brilliant but, after a while, you find yourself wishing for the topnotch talent it deserves. The bright young animal spirits are fine, it's true, but you'd like to see the Alliance round up some of those good, audience-wise old vaudevillians who can be shoveled out of any Hollywood hotel.

Music is by Jay Gorney, a local grad, and it is a fine score. "The Stars Remain," "Chichicastenango" and "A Fellow and a Girl" are topnotch. Mortimer Offner's sketches are generally novel and original. And in "Union Label" another Broadway truant, Danny Dare, does a smart and swell piece of dance direction.

Reprinted from
NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
December 26, 1940

'Meet the People'

THE girls are pretty, both as dancers and principals, and the sketches are socially significant, but "Meet the People" misses being biting social satire by several yards. Last night a friendly audience greeted the Hollywood Theater Alliance's revue warmly. The sketch writers and the players choose not to take themselves too seriously when contemplating social injustice. They take the edge off their satire by displaying an iron sense of whimsy. As an example there is a sketch about the young couple indebted to a real estate broker, who, in turn, must pay the banker, who, it is hinted significantly, will foreclose the mortgage on the young couple's new home in a year's time. Then there is a particularly unhappy bit of spoofing about union labels in which the wife's lover can do everything save wear non-union clothes. As it emerged last night, "Meet the People" might well be called the poor man's "Hellza-poppin."

Here and there a glimmer of honest burlesque arises in the proceedings. Marion Colby does a thorough job of caricaturing dead-pan blues singers. Jack Gilford comes through as a comic craftsman of some standing in the community in a sketch written by Milt Gross. He explains how films are made and impersonates the stock characters of gangsters and mystery motion pictures.

The music written by Henry Myers and Jay Gorney has an edge over the prose material "The Stars Remain" and "In Chichiastenango" are catchy tunes and manage to overcome what social implications the composers place in them. To the credit side of the revue put a willing and young cast, some times beating its material. To the debit side, write down in red ink material that misses fire.

J. P.

"Meet the People"

Reprinted from NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, *December 26, 1940*

Fine Talent in Meet the People

AND now step up and meet the people who have been guilty of fomenting all the subversive laughter in Hollywood for the better part of a year. Being a sociable gathering and having met all the people at Hollywood and Vine, it has moved on, via Chicago, to the Mansfield, where it is eager to pick up a new host of friends and acquaintances. That it opened last night, in conflict with another major musical, was an act of sheerest sentimentality; having first entered upon the sunkist world the last Christmas night, it was determined to celebrate a first anniversary by declaring open house in Manhattan.

Their hospitality is impeccable and from the lively way they pursue their entertainment it looks as though their exuberance has not been dimmed after a long year. Some folk who go East and West have come back with the report that the revue was the film colony's challenge to New York's Pins and Needles, and so it is at first or a lengthier glance.

The folks out there have been thinking things over, too; the balmy climate being conducive to the same kind of rhyme and reason that inspired the International Ladies Garment Workers to the song and dance in local precincts. And under the auspices of the Hollywood Theater Alliance which, as the program intimates, is a cooperative of talent that had been cooling its heels outside Central Casting, put on a revue with, as Mr. Dubinsky's wards proudly hail it, "a point of view."

The Hollywood folk on the Mansfield stage are poking pins and needles into the well-known, vulnerable institutions with good-humored sarcasm and at times, indeed, when the victim should be crying "Ouch!" But the assault is being conducted with a great deal of brilliant levity and considerable amusement.

It's Hollywood's fault for having overlooked the fine talent that Meet the People has turned up. Mortimer Offner and Edward Eliscu have lavished the show with a number of sketches that touch pointedly and often hilariously on topical foibles. Henry Myers has turned in a variety of lyrics that are quite singable as well as sociological—and Henry Myers has written a pleasant score to fit the words.

They have left few targets out of their shooting range. Although their main target is the Hollywood bedlam, they are shooting at everything and everybody, including the dictators abroad, Aimee Semple McPherson at home, and they include among the baubles to be burst wide open with hilarity the dear old Southland of Gone With the Wind, the Tin Pan Alley desecrators of the crypts of Offenbach and Debussy, and the U. S. Senate comes in for a minor share of the good-natured pillorying.

For the most part it is a youthful contingent that is energetically entertaining at the Mansfield. Everything the scouts have been forwarding from the Coast about a young gentleman named Jack Williams is true without exaggeration, for he is a brilliant dancer with a pleasant, personable manner. In Meet the People we have the original of a multitude of imitators of a new and humorous singing style. She is Marion Colby, whose deadpan warbling is vastly amusing.

And though he is no stranger to the owlish New Yorkers, Jack Gilford's drolleries put the audience in a state of near-hysteria last night, while in Elizabeth Talbot-Martin's mimicries of Katharine Hepburn and Garbo, among others in her scathing repertoire, the attendance last evening seemed to take huge delight. You will find the others—there are numerous others in the cast—a cheerful and zestful throng, eager to meet you hospitably.

No frothy extravaganza, as the sponsors would rather not have it be, Meet the People is more luxurious to look at than Pins and Needles. Put it down to the inescapable Hollywood influence. But it is an affable show with an adult point of view, and not quite subversive enough for Representative Dies to investigate.

GEORGE ROSS.

'MEET THE PEOPLE'

"Meet the People," a revue in two acts and thirty scenes. Sketches, lyrics and music supplied by Henry Myers, Jay Gorney, Milt Gross, Henry Blankfort, Mortimer Offner, Edward Eliscu, Ray Golden, Bert Lawrence, Danny Dare, Mike Quin, Ben and Sol Barzman and others. Sketches directed by Mr. Offner; scenery by Frederick Stover; costumes designed by Gerda Vanderneers and Kate Drain Lawson; lighting by Roy Holmes; staged by Mr. Dare; produced by the Hollywood Theatre Alliance. At the Mansfield Theatre.

Principals—Jack Gilford, Doodles Weaver, Nanette Farbares, Elizabeth Talbot-Martin, Jack Williams, Peggy Ryan, Eddie Johnson, Jack Albertson, Barney Phillips, Marion Colby, Ted Arkin, Dorothy Roberts, Jack Boyle, Patricia Brilhante, Josephine Del Mar, Robert Nash, Virginia Bryan, Fay McKenzie, Marie DeForest, Robert Davis, Louis Paul, Angus Hopkins, Beverly Weaver, Sue Robin, Norman Lawrence, Beryl Carew, Kenneth Patterson, Michael Doyle and others.

Reprinted from NEW YORK SUN, *December 26, 1940*

A Hollywood Revue

'Meet the People' Opens at Mansfield Theater.

A YEAR ago on Christmas night a group of ambitious young performers, abetted by some professional writers and directors, produced out in Hollywood a topical revue called "Meet the People." Hollywood liked it, and it thrived so well that the original company decided to head east, leaving a second organization to carry on in movie land. After stops in San Francisco and Chicago, these players celebrated the first birthday of "Meet the People" last evening by giving Broadway a look at their show at the Mansfield Theater.

Their decision to try New York must have been influenced, it seems obvious, by the great success here of the Garment Workers' topical revue, for "Meet the People," with its slant to the left, is somewhat a Californian "Pins and Needles." The program explains that the Hollywood Theater Alliance, which is sponsoring the revue, was started in an effort to prove to the film scouts that there was plenty of talent right at their doorstep that they had overlooked. And that "Meet the People" has turned up some talent there is no denying. Whether it has enough, however, to make it a serious contender for the honors won by "Pins and Needles" is something else again.

It all gets under way happily with the orchestra playing enough of Jay Gorney's gay score to give the audience time for a good look at Milt Gross's amusing curtain, and with the Californians coming down off the stage to shake hands with the audience in a friendly fashion. But once they climb back behind the footlights some of the gayety becomes a bit forced despite the breezy clip at which it is all run off, and there are moments during the evening when one suspects that the movie scouts were at least not 100 per cent wrong.

The quality of the skits, of which there are a goodly number, is a bit uneven. Some, such as the cannibal scene, have the proper sting, but the world has moved quite a way during the last twelve months, leaving a few a trifle dated, and at least one in the early part of the show wearing the label smug. A number of them could have been better played also last night.

On the other hand, there are some excellent things in "Meet the People." For instance, there is the "Grapes of Wrath" number, with its "No Lookin' Back" song sung movingly by Michael Doyle. Then, there is Jack Gilford telling amusingly of the movies he has seen and Elizabeth Talbot-Martin and her laugh-provoking caricatures of Katharine Hepburn, Greta Garbo and Mrs. Roosevelt and her second-act burlesque of classical dancing. In the A-1 category, too, are Marion Colby, whose deadpan, twitch-of-the-shoulder singing numbers are a delight, and a lanky tap dancer named Jack Williams.

Like the girl in the rime when "Meet the People" is good, it is very good. But when it is not, it's just so-so.

HERRICK BROWN.

Reprinted from
NEW YORK TIMES
December 26, 1940

Pleased to Meet You

WHILE the ermine and mink were pushing their way into "Pal Joey," Union Label was across the street at the Mansfield, and having a marvelous time, thank you. For out of the West there had come the Hollywood Theatre Alliance's "Meet the People," and the occasion was good, very good. Built up by various gloomy malcontents on the Gold Coast, the revue opened in Hollywood just a year ago, drifted here by way of San Francisco and Chicago and now is prepared to show Broadway what some of the Federal Theatre musicals were trying to do, and what "Pins and Needles" was trying to do also. The ermine should cross the tracks some time and meet the people.

As is generally known by now, the sponsors of the revue were a group of folk who felt much talent was going to waste in Hollywood, who felt, too, that working for the movies is not the highest form of art life. They found for the cast a group of young people who can sing and dance like nobody's business, they located a couple of comedians. Then writers set to work and turned out funny sketches and serious sketches, and almost all of them—at least after the first year's shakedown run—are better than average revue. The people joke with Hollywood, and the Senate of the United States, and with psychiatry, F. D. R., cannibalism and the radio. They do not joke with the Bill of Rights, the "Union Label" or the Okies.

In one scene, the "Meet the People" folk are giving you the "Senate in Session," plus

(Continued on page 172)

"Pal Joey"

Reprinted from NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, *December 26, 1940*

"Pal Joey" Smart and Novel

"Pal Joey," musical comedy by John O'Hara; music by Richard Rodgers, lyrics by Lorenz Hart. Produced by George Abbott at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, New York, Dec. 25, 1940.

★ ★ ★

By BURNS MANTLE

JOHN O'HARA has lifted his Pal Joey out of his New Yorker magazine sketches and made him the dancing hero of an original musical comedy. "Pal Joey," as you might expect, is the title and the Gene Kelly you may have seen as the hoofer in "The Time of Your Life" has been assigned the part.

They bowed in, as the saying goes, at the Ethel Barrymore theatre last night and surprised that somewhat unlucky stage with a hit. Mr. O'Hara, though new at this business, has been able to sustain some semblance of intelligence in his book, George Abbott, the producer, has picked an excellent company, the Messrs. Rodgers and Hart have spattered the score with pleasant songs and Robert Alton has contributed his usual assortment of arresting dances.

All of which is good Christmas news. If we can't depend on the dramas this year we can at least extract some satisfaction from the discovery that there are signs of new life in the musicals.

"Pal Joey" isn't exactly on the clean side. It will never make the White List. But neither is it cheaply or slyly smutty.

Likable Liar

It is the story of a braggart, a vainglorious but gifted lad who eases himself into night club entertainment in Chicago, acquires a Gold Coast lady patroness, opens his own club and finally achieves a kind of romantic success that fits well enough with the possibilities.

An amiable liar is Joey, crude in statement, amazingly inventive in story. He boasts his way into the hearts and apartments of many women, loves and leaves them nonchalantly, and continues blithely on his way to succeeding adventures.

Happily young Mr. Kelly is able to give the part personal attractions that justify the O'Hara picture. He is likable as an individual and gifted as a dancer.

Technically his range is wide without including any impulse toward the eccentric, which makes for an agreeable artistic balance. It was a fortunate day for him, and for us, I think when Mr. O'Hara and Mr. Abbott picked him out of the group that helped to make "The Time of Your Life" a prize-winning play.

Vivienne Scores Again

Again Vivienne Segal, playing the adventuring patroness, is smartly cast. Not only is her straight performance credible and helpful to the story, but she also has one of the outstanding song hits, a revealing number called, "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered."

June Havoc steps forward smartly as a comedienne with Fannie Brice tendencies. Leila Ernst adds a touch of demureness and decency that sweetens her scenes, and there are added incidents in which Jack Durant, Shirley Paige and Jean Casto each do a bit of show stopping.

The ensemble is lively and talented. It has to be to keep up with that man Alton. The scenery is in Jo Mielziner's most entertaining mood. The satire on Chicago night club crudities is often screamingly funny.

"Pal Joey" adds definitely to the current competition in musical entertainment, and this is cheering.

Reprinted from NEW YORK POST, *December 26, 1940*

"Pal Joey" Presented at The Ethel Barrymore

By JOHN MASON BROWN

BY INTERMISSION time at the Ethel Barrymore last evening it seemed as if Christmas were destined to come to an extremely merry ending for those of us who were seeing "Pal Joey." Mr. Abbott's new musical had got off to a promising beginning. The old conventions of the song-and-dance show had been cast happily into the discard. Originality was more than in flower; it was in full bloom.

John O'Hara had seen to this. He had provided a book, novel and imaginative, in which the hero was no hero at all but a bum; in fact, that very same bum who is prized by readers of the New Yorker for his prodigious yarn-spinning. Accompanied by Mr. Rodgers' sprightly music, benefiting by some of Mr. Hart's glibbest rhymes, with its dances vigorously directed by Mr. Alton, with Mr. Mielziner and Mr. Koenig more than taking care of its visual needs, and with such gifted performers as Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, and June Havoc on hand to project its fantasy, "Pal Joey" looked during its first half as if it were going to prove one of the season's brighter arrivals.

Then, alas, came the intermission. Thereafter hopes began to dwindle slowly, and pleasure to ebb. The Joey who had talked his way into becoming a master of ceremonies in a Chicago night club, and then into the affections of a rich society woman, gradually ceased to be a pal. As his saga was extended to include threats from blackmailers and the loss of his patroness, both he and the musical to which he gives his name ended up by being downright trying.

A Good Start

An amusing line would from time to time continue to be heard. A stray number would bob up as entertaining as the one in which Jean Casto chants the intellectual preoccupations of Gypsy Rose Lee when strip-teasing. But from the moment of Jack Durant's entrance and as the book gained in prominence, "Pal Joey" somehow began to slip. At first imperceptibly; then so noticeably that its slipping can only be described as a fall.

This sour report is made with sorrow by one who started off the evening finding much to admire. Mr. O'Hara can, of course, write with a magical mastery of dialogue. To the idioms of daily speech he is able to add a sharp flavor of his own. His mind is happily unorthodox. And, heaven knows, there is room for imagination in the book-making of our musicals.

Unfortunately, however, the evening's adroit showmanship and its genuine originality are finally downed by what is directionless and unimportant in its story-telling. Although Mr. O'Hara starts off delightfully by doing it the hard way (as Mr. Hart phrases it), the way he has chosen proves in the end to be as hard for the audience as it was agreeable at the outset.

'MEET THE PEOPLE'

NEW YORK TIMES

(Continued from page 171)

Dorothy Roberts and Ted Arkin, who are the street's snappiest jitterbugs. In another minute they give you Jack Williams, a dancer who does a modern version of an old polka. From there they move to "The Same Old South," in which Eddie Johnson and Jack Albertson, dressed as a couple of straw-hatted vaudevillians of two decades back, who sing of the South with the most blandly cynical lyrics in many a day. Then take a Milt Gross sketch which tells you how the movies are made, and then meet Jack Gilford, comedian. Go no farther. Mr. Gilford, as a movie fan, gives an animated lecture on the double feature and trailer which is the last word in that sort of thing.

Production numbers? Love songs? There are both. The music, with an occasional piece by Giuseppe Verdi and Offenbach, is by Jay Gorney, who last was around Broadway with part of the tunes of "Americana," way back in 1932. "A Fellow and a Girl" is a nice song, also "No Lookin' Back" and the number called "Let's Steal a Tune From Offenbach." A Spanish number called "In Chichicastenango" is excellent, from Josephine Del Mar, who sings it, to the brightly arrayed chorus which later dances. Not long before you see "Elmer's Wedding Day," a gay, stylized dance pageant with just a touch of social significance—yes, all these things—you hear a gentleman named Doodles Weaver telling the legend of a thousand rabbits. Which probably is fair enough, for "Meet the People" has pulled many more than enough of them out of Hollywood's high hat. L. N.

"Pal Joey"

Reprinted from NEW YORK SUN, *December 26, 1940*

John O'Hara's 'Pal Joey' Is Offered at the Barrymore Theater

By RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

JOHN O'HARA'S "Pal Joey," the heel of the night clubs, leads a much rougher life on the musical comedy stage than ever he did in the columns of the New Yorker, but he is almost as funny. "Mice" who would gladden his heart surround him now at the Ethel Barrymore Theater, where Mr. O'Hara, Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart celebrated his adventures last evening. He even achieves stardom in the night club of his dreams.

In writing Joey into a musical comedy, which incidentally bears his name, Mr. O'Hara has kept the character inviolate, if that is a possible word for Joey. His head is on roller bearings whenever girls pass, and to Joey every girl is a "mouse." He chisels and tells tall, preposterous stories of an improbable past. He gets himself picked up by a Chicago lady of wealth and roving eyes and she sets him up in a club of his own until, of course, she turns him out. True love intrudes faintly on Joey's saga, but it doesn't matter much as long as he is surrounded by mice in pretty, frail dresses.

There is not really much plot in "Pal Joey" and what there is starts slowly, groping along through much of the first act. After that things roll wickedly. The heeldom of Joey is thoroughly explored; from Mr. O'Hara's amusedly ruthless examination, Joey emerges as one of the most substantial, and one of the funniest, characters ever to take a stand among the shadows of musical comedy. Much of the humor of the show, and it is occasionally rich, grows out of the irresistible Joey-ness of Joey.

Mr. Hart has written gay tunes to go with the tale and Mr. Rodgers has written some of his brightest—and certainly some of his roughest—lyrics. He manages to rime "narcissus" and "missus" in one song called, slyly, "The Flower Garden of My Heart" and illustrated outrageously by June Havoc and John Koenig, who can think up some of the weirdest costumes anybody ever saw. He gives Miss Vivienne Segal, who runs away with a good deal of the show, a handful of pleasant songs to sing. The best, and wickedest, of them is "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered." And Mr. Rodgers's music is admirable for Gene Kelly to dance to, in the intervals when he is not acting the title role up to the instep.

Now and then, in spite of its virtues and its originality, "Pal Joey" stops rolling and stumbles into routine. This keeps it from being quite the knockout every one had expected. It leers a lot, if that bothers, and both settings and costumes are more characteristic than ornamental. But it is always lively and almost always funny. And its humor has, at its best, a sharp, distinctive flavor.

'PAL JOEY'

A musical comedy in two acts; book by John O'Hara; music by Richard Rodgers; lyrics by Lorens Hart; dances directed by Robert Alton; scenery and lighting by Jo Mielziner; costumes by John Koenig; production staged by George Abbott; presented at the Ethel Barrymore Theater on December 25, 1940, by Mr. Abbott. The cast:

Joey Evans	Gene Kelly
Mike Spears	Robert J. Mulligan
The Kid	Sondra Barrett
Gladys	June Havoc
Agnes	Diane Sinclair
Linda English	Leila Ernst
Valerie	Amarilla Morris
Albert Doane	Stanley Donen
Vera Simpson	Vivienne Segal
Escort	Edison Rice
Terry	Jane Fraser
Victor	Van Johnson
Ernest	John Clarke
Stagehand	Jerry Whyte
Max	Averell Harris
The Tenor	Nelson Rae
Melba Snyder	Jean Casto
Waiter	Dummy Spevlin
Ludlow Lowell	Jack Durant
Commissioner O'Brien	James Lane
Assistant Hotel Manager	Cliff Dunstan

Reprinted from NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, *December 26, 1940*

Pal Joey Is a Bright Gay, Tuneful, Novel Work

By SIDNEY B. WHIPPLE

JOHN O'HARA'S hilarious confessions of a night club hoofer, which have been one of the happiest features of the New Yorker magazine, have been turned into a musical comedy, as was perhaps inevitable. And, thanks to the expert direction of George Abbott and the aptitude of a young man named Gene Kelly, Mr. O'Hara's delightful sense of satire is unimpaired. It is a bright, novel, gay and tuneful work, made interesting by the rich characterizations of its book.

There are moments, particularly in the second act, when its speed slackens and the musical comedy atmosphere changes abruptly into something approaching melodrama. I think this happens when Mr. Abbott becomes so engrossed with Mr. O'Hara's finely drawn characters that he forgets for the moment the boys and girls who are waiting for their dance cues off stage. It is, however, the first musical comedy book in a long time that has been worth the bother.

Joey Evans (Pal Joey), as you may know from Mr. O'Hara's letters, is a self-assured young singer and dancer who works the lower class dives in Chicago. No vices, in particular. That is, he is no hound for liquor and he lets nose powders strictly alone. He has an eye, however, for any pretty mouse who catches his eye, and in this particular episode he becomes entangled (quite innocently, considering the results) with a wealthy near-widow who stakes him to a partnership in a glitter-club. The lady tires of her bargain and Pal Joey is out on his ear, still cheerful, happy and on the make for the next mouse that comes his way.

Mr. Abbott has staged the musical comedy with a seeming inside knowledge of the Grade C "clubs" that provide Mr. O'Hara with his background. He burlesques the managers, the hangers-on, the waiters, the dances and the songs that are seen and heard in a joint that is bound to be called Chez Joey. His costuming is in humorous keeping with the atmosphere. It is star spangled, gawdy and abbreviated. The lyrics of Lorenz Hart, to the music of Richard Rodgers, are equally brilliant in their reflection of night club life—smoky and blue. One of them, That Terrific Rainbow, sung by the terrific June Havoc, with terrific color effects and terrific costumes, is a colossal, devastating commentary on the kind of a floor show that seems so magnificent after two drinks of Chez Joey's scotch.

Mr. Rodgers' theme song is called I Could Write a Book. It is a lovely melody, although somewhat reminiscent of Do I Love You? Other songs, chiefly memorable for lyrics that sometimes skirt dangerously close to the risque and sometimes plunge right into it—but always wittily—are In Our Little Den and a charming little item called Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered.

The cast is top flight. Gene Kelly, who may be remembered as the dancing comedian of The Time of Your Life, is made for the part of Pal Joey. He brings out the amusing worthlessness of the young man, his cocky self-confidence, his magnificent pretentions. He maintains a certain amount of naivete even during his most ruthless chase after one of his mice. And he is extremely attractive. Mr. Kelly dances amazingly.

Vivienne Segal's delightful personality, the loveliness of her voice and the perfection of her acting helped to make the comedy vivid and real. Miss Havoc, the terrific gal, made the general atmosphere authentic, and Leila Ernst was an attractive and proficient ingenue. Jean Casto's specialty, satirizing the intellectuality of a strip-tease artiste, was one of the high lights of the evening.

Mr. Abbott's chorus girls are running a few pounds heavier this year and are not of the languid and undernourished type that has been the vogue. Their plumpness in no way interfered with the acrobatic agility demanded in Robert Alton's vigorous and breathtaking choreography.

Pal Joey is a smart show. It will make you think twice before you go again to a night club called Chez Joey.

"Pal Joey"

Reprinted from NEW YORK TIMES, *December 26, 1940*

Christmas Night Adds 'Pal Joey' to the Musical Stage

By BROOKS ATKINSON

IF IT is possible to make an entertaining musical comedy out of an odious story, "Pal Joey" is it. The situation is put tentatively here because the ugly topic that is up for discussion stands between this theatregoer and real enjoyment of a well-staged show. Taking as his hero the frowsy night club punk familiar to readers of a series of sketches in The New Yorker, John O'Hara has written a joyless book about a sulky assignation. Under George Abbott's direction some of the best workmen on Broadway have fitted it out with smart embellishments.

Rodgers and Hart have written the score with wit and skill. Robert Alton has directed the dances inventively. Scenery out of Jo Mielziner's sketchbook and costumes off the racks of John Koenig—all very high class. Some talented performers also act a book that is considerably more dramatic than most. "Pal Joey," which was put on at the Ethel Barrymore last evening, offers everything but a good time.

• • •

Whether Joey is a punk or a heel is something worth more careful thinking than time permits. Perhaps he is only a rat infested with termites. A night club dancer and singer, promoted to master of ceremonies in a Chicago dive, he lies himself into an affair with a rich married woman and opens a gilt-edged club of his own with her money. Mr. O'Hara has drawn a pitiless portrait of his small-time braggart and also of the company he keeps; and Gene Kelly, who distinguished himself as the melancholy hoofer of "The Time of Your Life," plays the part with remarkable accuracy. His cheap and flamboyant unction, his nervous cunning, his trickiness are qualities that Mr. Kelly catches without forgetting the fright and gaudiness of a petty fakir. Mr. Kelly is also a brilliant tap dancer—"makes with the feet," as it goes in his vernacular—and his performance on both scores is triumphant. If Joey must be acted, Mr. Kelly can do it.

• •

Count among your restricted blessings Vivienne Segal who can act with personal dignity and can sing with breeding. In a singularly sweet voice she sings some scabrous lyrics by Lorenz Hart to one of Richard Rodgers's most haunting tunes—"Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered." June Havoc applies a broad, rangy style to some funny burlesques of night-club routines and manners. Jean Casto satirizes the strip-tease with humorous condescension. As a particularly rank racketeer, Jack Durant, who is a sizable brute, contributes a few amazing and dizzy acrobatics. This department's paternal heart goes out especially to Leila Ernst who is the only uncontaminated baggage in the cast.

• • •

Occasionally "Pal Joey" absents itself a little from depravity and pokes fun at the dreariness of night club frolics, and at the close of the first act it presents an admirable dream ballet and pantomime. Joey's hopeful look into a purple future is lyrically danced by Mr. Kelly. There is a kind of wry and wistful beauty to the spinning figures of Mr. Alton's dance design. But the story of "Pal Joey" keeps harking back to the drab and mirthless world of punk's progress. Although "Pal Joey" is expertly done, can you draw sweet water from a foul well?

Reprinted from NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, *December 26, 1940*

Night Club Portrait

By RICHARD WATTS, JR.

FROM John O'Hara's savage letters of a night club entertainer, a brilliant, sardonic and strikingly original musical comedy has been devised. There have been hard-boiled girl-and-music shows in the past, as all followers of Mr. B. G. DeSylva's works can testify, but none of them has been so completely and unrelentingly tough as "Pal Joey." Even such carnivals as "Panama Hattie" and "Du Barry Was a Lady" have had at least a core of sentimentality, but "Pal Joey" remains gayly rough-and-ready to the end. The quality that has made Mr. O'Hara's writing so robust, salty and realistic has been captured with fine gusto, and, combined with one of Richard Rodgers's most winning scores, some of Lorenz Hart's finest lyrics, the brilliant staging of dances that Robert Alton always provides, an utterly satisfying cast and George Abbott's most expert manipulation, the result is a delight. Put down "Pal Joey" as an outstanding triumph of a suddenly awakened theatrical season.

• • •

It does not come altogether as a surprise to find that Mr. O'Hara can write skilfully for the stage. In all of his work his gift for dramatic dialogue has been notable. But it is none the less remarkable to find that the O'Hara quality can be carried over into a musical comedy without losing any of its bite and its scorn. The portrait of a night club insect is so remorselessly set down that there might readily have been the danger that the effect would prove just a bit distasteful in a girl-and-music carnival. After all, a kept man is not the most appetizing of musical heroes. Yet Joey, in addition to being an unrelenting heel, is such a simple and essentially innocent boob and, particularly, he is so guilefully played by Gene Kelly, that he becomes curiously bearable on the stage. But the new show is not merely a picture of Joey. It is a bitter, satrical and yet strangely realistic account of the flora and fauna of the night clubs, done with such zest and scornful relish that it achieves genuine power.

• • •

The combination of Rodgers and Hart has always been a virtually perfect one, and now it is happily discovered that O'Hara fits in with them splendidly. Particularly is the spiritual kinship between Hart and O'Hara something to be applauded. Of the two it is rather surprising to find that Mr. Hart is somewhat the rowdier, but they do work together with wonderful success, so that the prose of one and the verse of the other seem delightfully complementary. In a word or two the lyrics are characteristically brilliant. The music is so captivating that it is difficult to pick out favorite numbers, but I think my preferences at the moment go to the song euphemistically known as "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered" and the romantic air called "I Could Write a Book," although every piece has more than the average merit. There are, in particular, two comic songs for Miss June Havoc that are effectively satirical. Mr. Alton's dances are again original and imaginative.

• • •

It was a happy stroke of casting that placed Mr. Kelly in the title role. This young man, who was so good last season in "The Time of Your Life," is genuinely life-saving to "Pal Joey" for, if the chief part were not properly cast, the new musical show might have been too merciless for comfort. Mr. Kelly does nothing obvious about softening his characterization but he does manage to combine a certain amount of straightforward personal charm with the realism of his portrait, so that Joey actually achieves the feat of being at once heel and hero. Miss Vivienne Segal, looking her handsomest, is both believable and properly human as Joey's wealthy mistress, and she manages her numbers with her usual fine skill. Miss June Havoc reveals real comic gifts as another dubious night club performer, and Jack Durant is completely in character as a blackmailing agent. The only decent person in the cast is the ingenue, and Miss Leila Ernst succeeds in making her, too, seem a human being. Miss Jean Casto has a good comic bit. In addition there must be a word for the effective settings of Jo Mielziner and the costumes of John Koenig. "Pal Joey" is a hard-boiled delight.

These Are But a Few of the Many Subscribers to Critics' Theatre Reviews

•

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

University of California
University of Chicago
University of Maine
University of Michigan
University of Oklahoma
University of Pennsylvania
University of Virginia
University of Washington
Brigham Young University
Brown University
Denison University
Louisiana University
Princeton University
Stanford University
Western Reserve University
Yale University
Bryn Mawr College

LIBRARIES

Chicago Public Library
Detroit Public Library
Los Angeles Public Library

NEWSPAPERS

Cleveland News
Allentown Call-Chronicle
Hartford Courant
Memphis Commercial Appeal
San Francisco Chronicle

LITTLE THEATRES

Cedar Falls Players (Iowa)
Chicago Workshop Theatre
Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carre
Indianapolis Civic Theatre
Palo Alto Community Theatre
Pasadena Playhouse

"My Sister Eileen"

Reprinted from NEW YORK SUN, *December 27, 1940*

'My Sister Eileen,' Very Bright And Gay, Opens at the Biltmore

By RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

THE funniest play in a long, long time popped brightly into the Biltmore Theater last evening. Its title is "My Sister Eileen" and its contributing authors are manifold. The stories of Ruth McKenney underlie it and lend a little of their warmth to its foolery. Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov wove some of the characters from some of the stories into the play. A generous, invigorating injection of George S. Kaufman was then administered, and when all was done they had something.

They had an unfaltering flow of pungent comebacks and some of the most hilarious situations that ever came to fruition under the nurturing care of Mr. Kaufman. They had pace and wit and lively characters. And above everything else, they had laughter. With Shirley Booth, Morris Carnovsky, Jo Ann Sayers and others to play in it, they had just about everything one could wish in the way of fast-moving, farcical comedy. They gave it to us last evening and we ought to be mighty happy.

They didn't, to be sure, get around to much of a plot, so "My Sister Eileen" remains a series of funny incidents, of which the very first is by just a shade the most comical. That memorable scene shows Ruth and Eileen—surname of Sherwood, not McKenney—landing in a basement apartment in Greenwich Village and meeting the landlord, a Mr. Appopolous. Mr. Appopolous, himself an artist of frightening productivity, is any man's nightmare of a Village landlord. His Apartment 1A somehow manages to sum up all the excruciating menace of apartments in the Village's lower levels. Those whose sheltered lives have never included tenancy in such caverns will never fully appreciate that of Mr. Appopolous—and, to be specific, of Donald Oenslager.

The girls have adventures. Strange people pop in. Eileen attracts men in droves. Ruth brings home a large section of the Brazilian navy. Meanwhile Ruth writes and gets rejections; Eileen haunts the outer waiting rooms of theater managers. At the very last gasp Ruth gets a job. That's all there is to it, except sparkle.

Admirers of Miss McKenney's gay, human stories may cavil a bit. The Ruth and Eileen at the Biltmore are only suggestions of the sisters whose escapades so long enlivened the columns of the New Yorker. The fun now is more obvious, and sharper. The wisecrack is elevated to stardom. "My Sister Eileen" has, in short, a strong Kaufman flavor. It is the very best Kaufman flavor, however, and one can sacrifice a lot for that.

Miss Booth's Ruth is a brisk delight, and Jo Ann Sayers is a gracefully clinging Eileen. Mr. Carnovsky revels in the role of Mr. Appopolous, and among the dizzying horde which passes, mostly at a dead run, through the basement apartment Gordon Jones, George Cotton, Bruce MacFarlane, William Post, Jr. and Eda Heineman are especially memorable. But everybody contributes to "My Sister Eileen's" lively, happy crackle. Things look a lot brighter today.

'MY SISTER EILEEN'

A comedy in three acts, by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov; based on the stories by Ruth McKenney; staged by George S. Kaufman; setting by Donald Oenslager; presented at the Biltmore Theater on December 26, 1940, by Max Gordon. The cast:

Mr. Appopolous	Morris Carnovsky
Ruth Sherwood	Shirley Booth
Eileen Sherwood	Jo Ann Sayers
Jensen	George Cotton
A Street Arab	Eric Roberts
A Pair of Drunks	Arthur Tell Alva Milligan
Lonigan	Tom P. Dillon
The Wreck	Gordon Jones
Another Street Arab	Bob White
Captain Fletcher	Charles G. Martin
Helen Wade	Joan Tompkins
Frank Lippencott	Richard Quine
Chic Clark	Bruce MacFarlane
Cossack	David Macomber
Violet Shelton	Effie Afton
Mrs. Wade	Helen Ray
Robert Baker	William Post, Jr.
Six Future Admirals	Michael Ames Alan Brixey Peter Knego Paul Marion Mel Roberts Paul Seymour
Walter Sherwood	Donald Foster
A Prospective Tenant	Eda Heineman
The Consul	Joseph Kallini

Reprinted from NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, *December 27, 1940*

Greenwich Village Life

By RICHARD WATTS, JR.

SUDDENLY aroused to a decent outburst of activity, the hitherto groggy dramatic season gives us the third interesting new work of the week. The latest entry among the year's likely hits is "My Sister Eileen," a pleasant, friendly and humorous comedy based on Ruth McKinney's celebrated autobiographical stories of the same name. The new work, by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, is a series of ingeniously-strung-together episodes dealing with the random adventures of two Columbus, Ohio, girls engaged in battling for their careers and their honor amid the jungles of Greenwich Village. There is nothing particularly sturdy about it and it is more given to effective "wise cracks" than to drama, but in its quiet and unobtrusive way it is good, engaging fun. Pleasantly played and smartly directed, "My Sister Eileen" is a distinctly likable comedy. It might make the Village a fad once more.

• • •

There is something of the manner and quality of both "You Can't Take It With You" and "George Washington Slept Here" in the new comedy, and it is therefore not particularly surprising to find that "My Sister Eileen" was directed by George S. Kaufman. Since I do not know that Mr. Kaufman had anything to do with the actual writing of the play, I can only say here that he has decidedly left his mark upon it and that there are a number of lines that give indication of bearing the master's touch. This means that the Fields-Chodorov work does lack any particular suggestion of spontaneity but that it is shrewd and smart and brightly entertaining. There is a warming and friendly quality about it and a believable sense of the wonder, the laughter, the touch of amiable insanity and the air of camping out which, those who have graduated from life in Greenwich Village tell us, were the stuff of life in that fascinating sector of metropolitan existence.

• • •

Since I was not among the more ardent admirers of Miss McKenney's stories when they appeared in "The New Yorker," I am unable to say how closely the play follows their letter and their spirit. Anyway, the new comedy is a joyous and joyful account of the arrival in New York and in a slightly maniacal basement apartment of two girls bent on vanquishing the metropolis. Ruth wanted to be an author, and Eileen dreamed of being an actress. Ruth was always the dependable member of the family, and it was Eileen who, in her artless way, attracted all the boys. The moment they arrived in town people began using their apartment for their various purposes, nefarious, romantic and just plain insane, and their home was invaded by landlords with artistic pretensions, ladies of dubious reputation, professional football players, daffy newspaper men, magazine editors, soldiers, policemen and, as a sort of climax, a great portion of the Brazilian Navy. It is this arrival of the navy which provides the play with its most hilarious episode.

• • •

Once or twice the authors' invention begins to lag a bit, but, on the whole, the adventures of Ruth and Eileen are pleasantly hilarious. Also they hardly ever fail to be human and sympathetic, and for this great virtue much of the credit must go to the likable cast that has been assembled. Miss Shirley Booth, for example, is both briskly amusing and warmly ageeable as the steady Ruth, and Miss Jo Ann Sayers, a tall, pleasantly gangling and straightforwardly attractive young actress from the films, is delightfully wide-eyed and romantic as the eager Eileen. I think Miss Sayers is rather a find. Then there is the customary skillful characterization by Morris Carnovsky as the esthetic but practical landlord, and some of the invading men are excellently played by Richard Quine, Bruce MacFarlane, William Post Jr., and Gordon Jones. Donald Oenslager has contributed another of his atmospheric sets. I think you will have a pleasant evening at "My Sister Eileen."

"My Sister Eileen"

Reprinted from NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, *December 27, 1940*

"My Sister Eileen" Is One of The Better Village Comedies

"My Sister Eileen," comedy by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, Poduced by Max Gordon at the Biltmore Theatre, New York, Dec. 26, 1940.

★ ★ ★

By BURNS MANTLE

IT HAS been a long time now since we have had a Greenwich Village comedy, and much longer than that since we have had a good one. "My Sister Eileen" is the best of the crop to date.

Naturally we of the theatre are bound to think that it is because George Kaufman staged it and Moss Hart took an interest in it. As shown at the Biltmore last night it is as thickly studded with the Kaufman-Hart type of line and situation as roasted hams are studded with cloves.

But it has had four other authors. Ruth McKenney, who wrote the "Sister Eileen" stories first tried a dramatization with Leslie Reade. Then Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov had a crack at it.

Finally Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart came into the picture. At the request, presumably, of Max Gordon, the producer.

Here It Is

However it happened, here it is, three acts of laughter and an evening of good, clean fun. It is artificially contrived, but effective. If it had a bit more convincing story value and a little less of the old village hokum, it might easily have been another of the light comedy sensations.

Eileen and her sister Ruth come on from Columbus, O., looking for the same old jobs. Eileen wants to be an actress and Ruth wants to write stories.

They rent a basement flat in the Village from a lightly comic Greek, discover that they are living in an airless cave over a subway exacavation job, surrounded by funny neighbors.

Because Violet Shelton, who was a shade on the promiscuous side, lived there before them their casual callers frequently are embarrassing. Because Eileen is gorgeously young and beautiful she attracts men as a magnet attracts steel and keeps Ruth on the watch and the jump.

They are pressed for funds, misunderstood by the policeman on the beat, turned down by hard-boiled employers, and finally pushed into a brush with the Brazilian navy and the law. It was Eileen who kicked the police in the shins.

For New Yorkers

"My Sister Eileen" will not last for forty-eight years, like "Charley's Aunt," because only New Yorkers who know something about Greenwich Village will accept it at its face value.

But to those New Yorkers who do thus accept it, it should prove another of this season's pleasantest theatre escapes.

Shirley Booth plays the level-headed, wise-cracking Ruth, and plays her well. A pretty newcomer, Jo Ann Sayers, hailing from the University of Washington, the little theatres and the screen, is charmingly naive, unforced and natural in the name part.

Morris Carnovsky has the longest of the remaining roles, which is that of the Greek, but there are short parts also well played by Gordon Jones, William Post, Jr., Bruce MacFarlane, Richard Quine, and Eda Heineman, among numerous others.

The Donald Oenslager setting is realism plus, helpful to both the mood and action of the comedy. Last night's audience was as often in stitches as out of them.

Reprinted from NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, *December 27, 1940*

My Sister Eileen Is Surprisingly Hilarious

By SIDNEY B. WHIPPLE

THE comic essayists who enliven our magazines are, in increasing numbers, beginning to brighten our theater. It is a little more than a year ago that the nostalgic humor of Clarence Day's writings about his father, God and kindred subjects, were fashioned into a play with the happiest results imaginable. Only this week some enterprising people made a Class A musical comedy out of John O'Hara's sardonic little tales about his Pal Joey. And now comes My Sister Eileen.

My Sister Eileen (which you should read if you haven't already done so) is a collection of short stories by Ruth McKenney. The essays, bubbling with rich humor, carry Eileen and her writing sister Ruth through childhood to adolescence and a little beyond. There is no particular plot to them. They are merely hilarious episodes in the lives of two girls who were able to see the humor of existence in a stuffy world, and who were able to transmit some of it to less understanding people.

From this collection Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov have now compiled a loosely connected but surprisingly hilarious play, which was presented by Max Gordon last night at the Biltmore Theater to an audience that loved every line of it.

* * *

Since the new play pretends only to recount the 12 months' period encompassed by the signing of a lease on a Greenwich Village basement apartment and the evacuation thereof, and a few of the amazing adventures that befell the two girls during that short but frantic time, it is faithful to the spirit (if not wholly to the facts) of the original book. And, truthful or not, it turns out to be an engaging, heart-warming play with exceptionally high comedy content.

Eileen is the pretty one—the one who has stage aspirations and the honey personality that innocently invites passes from every man fom 14 to 85 who has eyes in his head. Ruth is the plainer one (though not so plain in this instance, since it is lovely Shirley Booth who plays the part), and her bent is for literature.

Well, the two girls leave Columbus, Ohio, in pursuance of their respective ambitions, and land in the toils of Landlord Appopolous and the most distracting apartment you ever saw. Through their basement grating the swirling life of the Village, its drunks and gamins, its hucksters and hustlers and occasionally its cops, seep, flow and sometimes comes in an unwelcome deluge. Strange fungus grows on the apartment walls. The kitchenette is aptly described as "a nauseating nook." Blasting in the new subway cavern beneath rocks the building at unexpected intervals. Leering males who have been given the address by a forgetful trollop who previously inhabited the place invade the premises and refuse to leave. Finally six officers of the Brazilian navy follow Ruth home, under certain mistaken impressions, and create something short, but only short, of an international incident.

* * *

That doesn't sound much like a plot, does it? And it isn't. But in the writing of it, in the description of these untoward incidents, in the recurrent dilemmas there is food for free and fine laughter.

Shirley Booth is as perfect as can be as Ruth—the one with the brains, the common sense and what little brains there is in this engaging family. She is extremely effective in her handling of the crackling wit that comes in part from Miss McKenney's foundation and in part from the Fields-Chodorov lines.

Jo Ann Sayers, making her stage debut as Eileen, has not only the rare beauty that seems to be called for by the part, but a quality of starry-eye innocence that is sweet and becoming. She is a charming actress.

Morris Carnovsky's accent as Mr. Appopolous was scarcely that of one hailing from the hills of Greece, and his performance was less impressive that many he has given recently, including that in the late and unlamented Suzanna and the Elders.

The remainder of the cast played acceptably, but the honors go to Miss Booth and Miss Sayers.

Do yourself a big favor and see My Sister Eileen.

"My Sister Eileen"

Reprinted from NEW YORK TIMES, *December 27, 1940*

'My Sister Eileen,' a Comedy of the Village

By BROOKS ATKINSON

AT LAST—at long last, in fact—an amusing comedy has come to town. Out of Ruth McKenny's New Yorker sketches, Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov have devised "My Sister Eileen," which was acted at the Biltmore last evening. Under George S. Kaufman's direction, which deserves equal billing, it emerges as the antic story of two orphans of the storm from Columbus, Ohio, who expose themselves to Greenwich Village and learn about life the hard way.

To Miss McKenney this hilarious theatrical version of her bright-edged sketches must come as a mixed blessing. Her sister, Eileen, was killed in an automobile accident last Sunday on the West Coast. That extra-mural tragedy is the only somber note hovering around the appearance of the first completely gay comedy on the dramatic stage of New York this season.

* * *

What happens to the two sisters from Columbus could happen. One is a prospective writer; the other one wants to get on the stage. Like any other emigrants from America, they take a cheap apartment in New York and proceed to look for jobs. It is the virtue of "My Sister Eileen" to regard Greenwich Village as a disorderly and completely fantastic place where no one behaves sensibly, and the evidence is wholly convincing. In the Village vernacular, the basement apartment with an arched window giving onto the sidewalk becomes a studio and the Greek landlord is a frustrated artist. An unemployed professional football player lives upstairs and for a time camps in their kitchen. And quite a variety of madmen trickles through their door—a drug-store counterman with bohemian notions, a vagrant newspaper writer, a prostitute who once did business at the same address and, finally, six cadets from the romantic Brazilian Navy.

* * *

Not being sociologists, the authors of "My Sister Eileen" have served up the adventures in the form of crack-brained comedy without much rhyme or reason. What goes on might be drab enough if Sister Ruth did not have a cutting tongue. But it is the genius of New Yorkers, who hate to be bored, to look on the normal activities of their town with disbelief, as though everything were a humorous dream. What is commonplace becomes incredible. The whole thing gradually develops into a nightmare of fabulous proportions. Thanks to Sister Ruth's acid tongue and the neatly turned dialogue that has been written for her, "My Sister Eileen" becomes a nimble-witted commentary on the humdrum foibles of Greenwich Village. Although sensible people do live there in fairly large numbers, you can forget all that in the presence of this play.

* * *

Mr. Kaufman is no rule-of-thumb director. Having his own peculiar relish for absurdities and knowing the pace and rhythms of harum-scarum stage larks, he keeps "My Sister Eileen" moving at high speed through guffawing crises. The basement window in Donald Oenslager's pungent set becomes a lively cyclorama of a musty New York street where drunks, vendors, urchins, cops and mothers airing the babies drift by. As Sister Ruth, Shirley Booth gives an admirably timed portrait of comic skepticism. As Sister Eileen, Jo Ann Sayers is attractive and plausible, though she has a good deal yet to learn about acting. Morris Carnovsky plays the Greek landlord with dry mischief, and Gordon Jones, Richard Quine, Joan Tompkins, Effie Afton, Eda Heineman and William Post Jr. play other parts as lightly as they are written.

If everyone had Ruth McKenney's sense of humor the whole town would be as hilarious as "My Sister Eileen." That is, if Mr. Kaufman were town director, which might not be a bad idea at that.

Reprinted from NEW YORK POST, *December 27, 1940*

"My Sister Eileen," an Uproarious Comedy

By JOHN MASON BROWN

ALTHOUGH subscribers to the New Yorker stand in Ruth McKenney's debt for many a hearty laugh, neither those who have relished her stories in that magazine nor those who know them as they have been collected in book form can have been prepared for the side-splitting play to which they have lent themselves. This play happens to travel under the same name as the volume known as "My Sister Eileen." But in the differences which exist between Miss McKenney's uproarious fugitive sketches that Harcourt, Brace have published and the brilliantly integrated comedy that shook the Biltmore last night like an earthquake of laughter one of the pleasantest (if most eloquent) lessons in dramaturgy can be found which the modern theatre has had to offer.

Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov are the playwrights who have turned to Miss McKenney's stories for the gold-mine from which to extract the funniest new play of the season. In so doing they have faced many of the same technical problems which confronted Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay when, to everyone's good fortune, they dared to cull "Life With Father" from Clarence Day's memorable vignettes. If the resulting comedy is equally felicitous, and even more convulsing in its less universal fashion, Mr. Fields and Mr. Chodorov must undoubtedly join us all in thanking George S. Kaufman.

Both in the writing and in the production the Kaufman touch is upon every happy moment of "My Sister Eileen." What the Midas touch was with gold, the Kaufman touch is with laughter. There are those who scold Mr. Kaufman for not being Strindberg. They are the Sir Launfals of the American drama who keep seeking elsewhere for what they have ignored on their own doorsteps.

In Praise of Mr. Kaufman

Although with the chilliest of my critical brethren, I insist upon keeping the word "genius" on ice, the Kelvinator must be robbed to describe Mr. Kaufman at his best. Genius is the only accurate term to apply to him when it comes to suggesting the consummate skill of his showmanship, his joyous mastery of the wisecrack, his fleet professionalism, his sharp sense of pace, and his magnificent invention when he has embarked upon one of his inspired excursions into the blissful realms of madness.

The pleasures Mr. Kaufman can provide may be of the moment. They may evaporate with the falling of the final curtain. They may be beyond the accounting of future historians and present theorists, both of whom are destined to write when those moments are past. This evanescence, however, is only a proof of the high virtues these pleasures can claim not as drama, but as theatre. For the moments he fills with gaiety—the Kaufman moments—when nonsense is so supreme that life comes to a temporary halt and the ridiculous and the sublime seem near to being one, are experiences to be treasured. In a theatre they must be counted among the most enjoyable moments the stage has yielded in our time.

When he directed "Of Mice and Men," Mr. Kaufman showed how unsuspected and genuine was his range. But it is with comedy—his kind of comedy—that he is chiefly associated. There he is without a peer. And there, in his topnotch form, he is to be found as a director who is really a collaborator in "My Sister Eileen."

The comedy based on the intermittent hints given by Miss McKenney's stories can be summarized in "P. S. She got the job." It is a side-splitting saga of the experiences of two sisters who come to New York from Columbus, Ohio, and take a basement apartment in Greenwich Village. One of these sisters wants to be a writer; the other (to whose beauty all men are susceptible) hopes to be an actress.

This, in its bare essentials, is all there is to "My Sister Eileen." In its materials it is like all the Greenwich Village comedies you may recall. In its basic fable it is much the same as were last year's "Night Music," "Two on an Island," "Young Couple Wanted." Yet it is like none of them. It is in part Miss McKenney and her lovely sister; in part the excellent cast Max Gordon has assembled; in part the work of Mr. Fields and Mr. Chodorov. But mainly, and triumphantly, it is George S. Kaufman.

Two Girls on an Island

What no synopsis can hope to indicate, what Miss McKenney's agreeable stories in no way suggest, is the unction of the action, the insistence of the provocations to laughter, the goofiness of the writing, or the evening's complete realization of all the absurdities that could ever overtake two such highly individual young women on Manhattan. The Greenwich Village basement Mr. Oenslager has established in every detail at the Biltmore refuses to stay below the street level. Its inhabitants send it soaring to the heights of nonsense, carrying the audience with them.

The cast is an expert one as the writing, the setting, and the direction. As Ruth, Shirley Booth once again demonstrates her superlative skill. She is warm, human, resilient, hopeful. There is no other actress on our stage—including the dazzling Jean Dixon—who can excel her when it comes to the precise firing of a Kaufman line. Jo Ann Sayers is lovely enough to look at to do more than establish the credibility of the beautiful and bewitching Eileen. Gordon Jones as a professional football player, Morris Carnovsky as a landlord who dreams about art while sternly collecting the rent, Richard Quine as a love-sick drug clerk, William Post, Jr., as an editor suffering from the same complaint, and Eda Heineman as a prospective tenant with a sharp-tongued awareness of the realities are all of them (not to forget the six future admirals in the Brazilian navy) contributors to the giddiest delight to be seen hereabouts since "You Can't Take It With You."

"Old Acquaintance"

Reprinted from NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, *December 24, 1940*

Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood Make Something of "Old Acquaintance"

"Old Acquaintance," comedy by John Van Druten. Produced by Dwight Deere Wiman at the Morosco Theatre, New York, Dec. 23, 1940.

* * *

By BURNS MANTLE

JANE COWL and Peggy Wood, neither of whom has had a chance to act a decent part on Broadway the last several seasons, got so much satisfaction from playing two good parts in John van Druten's "Old Acquaintance" at the Morosco Theatre last night that they kept at it pretty late.

Which cuts the time necessary to a full report of the proceedings in this early morning estimate. I have a feeling there will be time enough, however. There isn't a great deal to Mr. van Druten's comedy aside from its leading characters.

I also have a feeling that "Old Acquaintance" would not get far without the girls Without them, that is, and the crowds of other girls they will attract to the theatre. For this is a woman's play if ever there was one.

Love on the Table

For two hours Jane and Peggy dissect love. This affair and that affair. Mostly Miss Cowl's. This marriage and that marriageable daughter. Both belonging to Miss Wood.

Poor Kent Smith, who is practically the only male in the cast, is battledored and shuttlecocked between them and the van Druten situations, which are definitely of the theatre, until he must feel a little resentful at times.

He is living with Jane in the first act, Jane being a successful novelist, a shade on the intellectual side. He is forced to fall abruptly in love with Peggy's daughter in the second act. Peggy also being a novelist, but rather on the flighty side.

Daughter is just a healthy, restless girl who wants to go night clubbing, or meet a roue, or have an affair or something. Practically anything that Author van Druten can think of as possibly adding interest to his play.

He finally has her fall in love with the unpredictable Mr. Smith, which brings a touch of tears and an aching heart to Jane, and gives "Old Acquaintance" a vaporish suggestion of drama.

The performances, however, are excellent. All of them. Miss Cowl is again in perfect form as the worldly wise, gently cynical, slyly humorous, always charming lady turning middle-aged gracefully.

Miss Wood, playing Jane's best friend over a span of years, is bright and chipper, gay and properly a little shallow, keeping as honestly in character as a good actress should, whatever temptations the competition may suggest.

At Their Best

I do not see how either could acquire very compelling convictions regarding the van Druten women. But they know their trade, and their women, as Auriol Lee, their directress, has given them to know them. And they give a lot to the play.

Assisting is that fine little ingenue, the Adele Longmire who played Ann Rutledge to the Massey Lincoln. Her character, too, it seems to me, ties in more definitely with stage life than with real life, but she has several splendidly played scenes with Miss Cowl.

Mr. Smith is a good sport about the whole business. Whenever his scenes are convincing, he helps to keep them so. When they are wobbly he saves them from falling.

Richard Whorf has contributed two interiors, one warm and attractive for Miss Cowl's apartment, one forbidding and a little poisonous for Miss Wood's. Costuming is also significant, which women will also appreciate.

Reprinted from NEW YORK TIMES, *December 24, 1940*

Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood Acting in van Druten's Newest Comedy, 'Old Acquaintance'

By BROOKS ATKINSON

SINCE John van Druten is a gentle, sincere and understanding person, it is easy to understand how his newest comedy, "Old. Acquaintance," acquires those attractive qualities. Returning to his best style of "The Distaff Side" and "There's Always Juliet," he has spun a slight and gossamer fable about love and civilized New York people, and it was brilliantly acted at the Morosco last evening. For quality it is superb. Mr. van Druten writes with enviable grace, humor and compassion. What he has to say you recognize instinctively as unalloyed truth; he does not sacrifice his characters to dialogue or situation. For quantity "Old Acquaintance" is definitely on the skimpy side. He does not really fill his comedy with substance until the third act, and for two-thirds of the evening the subject is elusive and the movement almost imperceptible.

* * *

This column has such a high regard for Mr. Van Druten's abilities that it admits the worst about "Old Acquaintance" grudgingly. For there is a distinct pleasure in encountering on the stage the sort of people he has slipped into his comedy. The old acquaintances of the title are Katherine Markham, a brilliant American novelist whose few works are highly admired and parsimoniously bought, and Mildred Watson Drake, a popular American novelist whose many books have made her rich. Although they are temperamently unlike and in some respects hostile, their friendship goes back so many years that it can withstand almost any crisis.

The narrative explores a tangled love situation. Katherine Markham is in love with a young man ten years her junior and has almost persuaded herself to marry him. But while she is hesitating he falls impetuously in love with the daughter of Mildred Watson Drake. As a narrative it meanders inside some very broad margins of conversation. What it achieves from Mr. van Druten's point of view is a remarkably complete portrayal of characters. For that is where his finest talent lies—in revealing the generosity, pain or jealousies of the people of the play. Under the placid surface of most of the story and beneath the ripple of the dialogue he tells the truth about three women; and having a forgiving nature of his own he does not bear down harshly on their weaknesses.

* * *

If the story is thin and the drama languid, that is not the fault of the actors. Under Auriol Lee's sagacious and painstaking direction, the performance confers great credit on the theatre. It is subtle, bright and knowing; it catches every impulse in Mr. van Druten's thought. As the representatives of old acquaintance, Miss Cowl and Miss Wood give triumphant performances. Sometimes Miss Cowl has a smug attitude toward comedy, as though she had swallowed a flock of canaries, and she is swallowing a few in this comedy. But apart from that she plays with fullness and richness of emotion and technical virtuosity, reminding you constantly that acting is not only a trade but a fine art. In the past Miss Wood has frequently flirted with parts as if she were afraid that the audience might not notice her. But now she is giving the best performance of her career—honest, aware and lucidly projected.

At one time Kent Smith was a good actor burdened with a heavy-handed style of playing. But now there is no one to match him for fluidity of expression and for manliness and sincerity. As the daughter in her twenties, Adele Longmire has suddenly learned how to play a part with fire and breeding, and since she is personally enchanting the result is worth a holiday cheer or two. Richard Whorf, represented here in his capacity as scene designer, has sketched a Washington Square apartment and a Park Avenue drawing-room that mirror the moods of the comedy perfectly.

In the quality of the writing and acting "Old Acquaintance" represents the best work in our theatre. It is regretfully admitted at this point that the story Mr. van Druten is telling is frail and unsubstantial and scarcely worth the trouble every one has taken with it.

"Old Acquaintance"

Reprinted from NEW YORK SUN, *December 24, 1940*

Jane Cowl, Peggy Wood Return in a Very Minor Comedy by John van Druten

By RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

JANE COWL and Peggy Wood rode charmingly into the Morosco Theater last evening on a vehicle built for two by John van Druten. The ladies tossed nuances gayly between them and fenced delightfully with inflections. Miss Wood made a summons to the telephone an occasion for delighted laughter. Miss Cowl, reflectively deciding that the number of her lovers was not, for her, too many, deservedly brought down the house.

With these important matters settled, we may move on to Mr. van Druten's play, which is called "Old Acquaintance," the title being almost too apt. It is a small piece, sentimental and comic. It tells a story of two women novelists, one a serious artist and the other a tosser off of trifles for the circulating library trade. The good writer has a young lover; the prosperous one an even younger daughter. It is easy from there on to put one and one together.

I betray only the flimsiest of secrets in reporting that young lover and pretty girl are drawn together. When his previous attachment is divulged misunderstanding follows.

But the good novelist is gallant and young love will, we are assured, eventually find a way. All is gently comfortable in "Old Acquaintance." The writing is tender as well as fluent. Mr. van Druten's knack for discerning comment on human foibles is as sure as ever. He throws pebbles at the plot cliches of popular fiction from the brittle shelter of a glass house. His play is no more than a prettily told anecdote. But he gives Miss Cowl and Miss Wood something to act in.

He allows them, too, to reveal their versatility. Much of the play is delightful fencing, made witty more by the acting than by the lines; made witty, too, by such incidentals as set and costumes. Miss Cowl creates character out of little gestures and out of voice variations so minute as to be almost impalpable. Miss Wood, playing with equally expert sureness, makes a brand-new character out of familiar stuffs. When these two are on the stage together, tossing the ball between them, there is nothing whatever the matter with "Old Acquaintance."

But the plot has to be worked out and for it other characters are required. The two important ones are admirably played by Kent Smith and Adele Longmire—Miss Longmire is particularly engaging. But there is no doubt that "Old Acquaintance" sags markedly when neither Miss Cowl nor Miss Wood is present. Vehicles falter when stars vanish. That is how you tell vehicles from plays.

'OLD ACQUAINTANCE'

A comedy in three acts by John Van Druten; staged by Auriol Lee; settings by Richard Whorf; presented at the Morosco Theater on December 23, 1940; by Dwight Deere Wiman. The cast:

Katherine Markham.....Jane Cowl
Rudd Kendall.....Kent Smith
Deirdre Drake.....Adele Longmire
Sabrina .....Anna Franklin
Mildred Watson Drake.....Peggy Wood
Susan .....Edna West
Preston Drake.....Hunter Gardner

Reprinted from NEW YORK POST, *December 24, 1940*

"Old Acquaintance" With Miss Cowl and Miss Wood

By JOHN MASON BROWN

IN A BRUTALIZED world John van Druten remains a civilized man. When he is writing well, as he most definitely is in "Old Acquaintance," he can provide an evening of uncommon warmth. His approach to his subject may be leisurely. His last act in particular may talk itself to a curtain which just now is sadly overdue when it falls at the Morosco. But his perceptions are charming.

Mr. van Druten's planning is the result of a good craftsman's pride. He can remain witty in the statement of sympathy. His observations are often gay. Yet his characters do not fire them off as if they had Roman Candles stuck in their mouths as do those characters who have wisecracks to deliver. His approach to the ridiculous is less spectacular than that. If it is quieter, it is because it is truer.

Although his waggish felicities are constant and ingratiating, Mr. van Druten is not afraid of emotion. He is wise enough to realize that sensibilities and a sense of humor are not incompatible. Gentle as are his touches, he can enjoy malice and expose it on its own terms. His major interest centers in his people. And his people in "Old Acquaintance" are to a large extent his plot. What they become involved in must more truly be described as a situation than a plot, because "plot" is too strong a word to be used in connection with a play in which the self-revelation of good talk is not only more active than the action but provides it with its basis.

An Agreeable Evening

The way in which one lady novelist loses her much younger lover to the young daughter of an old friend who is also a lady novelist is the situation to which Mr. van Druten brings his wit, his tenderness, his technical ingenuity, and his amazing knowledge of the distaff side. Yet what is at all times of more interest than what happens in "Old Acquaintance" are the characters to whom it happens.

The duel between the two lady novelists in temperament, endowment, and ambition is skilfully maneuvered. So, too, is the duel between the daughter and jealous mother she abandons. And so are the duels, fought in well observed terms, between the generations, and lovers who are about to part. They all show to what agreeable and subtle uses Mr. van Druten can put the genteel values of his observation in a comedy which claims pleasure rather than importance as its goal. These conflicts, so minor but so literate, in which the troops of good talk are on the whole so shrewdly deployed, indicate that Mr. van Druten is a dramatist who is no less attentive to the needs of actresses than he is knowing so far as the ways of women are concerned.

Kent Smith may come off negatively as a lover. Hunter Gardner may not fare much better even as a divorced husband. But Adele Longmire, Peggy Wood, and Jane Cowl have excellent parts at their disposal which they act excellently.

Miss Cowl, Miss Wood

As a much loved, never-married, and fastidious authoress, Miss Cowl shines once again with all the well-known charm and deftness of her mannered playing. Not since "First Lady" has she been seen hereabouts to such shimmering advantage. Hers is a voice which, though rich and velvety, can speed a line to laughter. Her eyes can dance with humor. As always, too, her graceful hands hover above her lines like gulls flying out to meet a ship.

As the writer of undistinguished successes Miss Wood gives a brilliant performance—comic, unsparing, vigilantly observed, and admirably projected. She captures to the full the silliness and cruel possessiveness of the woman she is playing. To do this she sours the sweetness which is usually hers, and thus contrives to meet the acidic needs of an unusually acid character. As Miss Wood's daughter, Miss Longmire emerges as another young actress to raise critical hopes this season. She has intensity, and plays with an honesty, both winning and incisive.

The truth is that "Old Acquaintance," as written, as acted, and sensitively directed by Auriol Lee, provides a pleasant evening, and will provide an even pleasanter one when it has been relieved of some fifteen minutes of its present playing time.